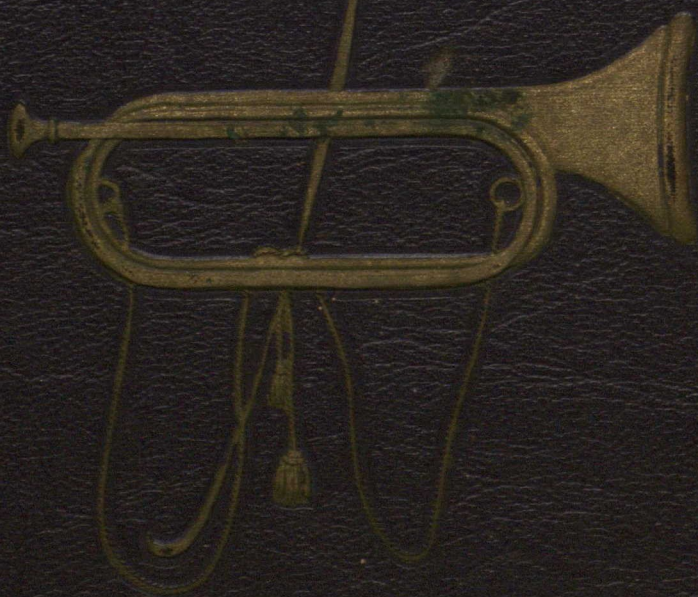


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Taps 1930

The Army School of Nursing



Walter Reed General Hospital

Washington, D. C.

TO GENERAL KENNEDY

Commanding Officer of this Post, 1926-1929

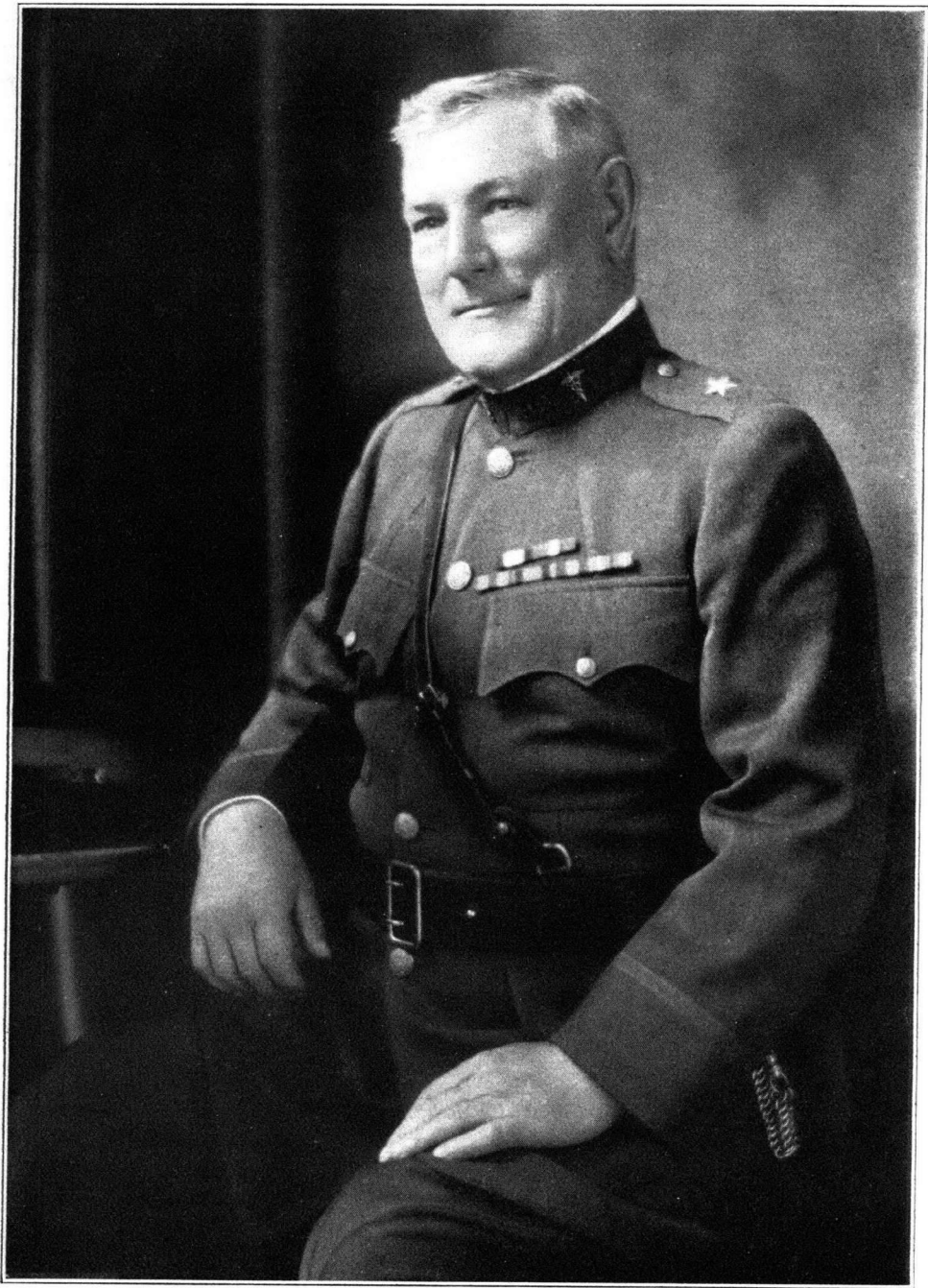
*Whose staunch support of the policies of our School made
possible its program in his time; whose kindly
smile unfailingly greeted each one of us,*

In Love, Loyalty and Remembrance

We Dedicate

This Our Year Book

TAPS, 1930



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES MADISON KENNEDY, *Retired.*

TAPS 1930

GREETINGS TO THE CLASS OF 1930:

MY WARMEST and most cordial greetings to the members of the Nineteen Hundred and Thirty Class of the Army School of Nursing, and my best wishes for a life replete with every blessing to each and every one of you!

Your interests before coming to us were varied, and your pursuits in life so different, yet now all have a common object of absorbing thought and devotion—your profession,— so long associated with the highest ideals of womanhood.

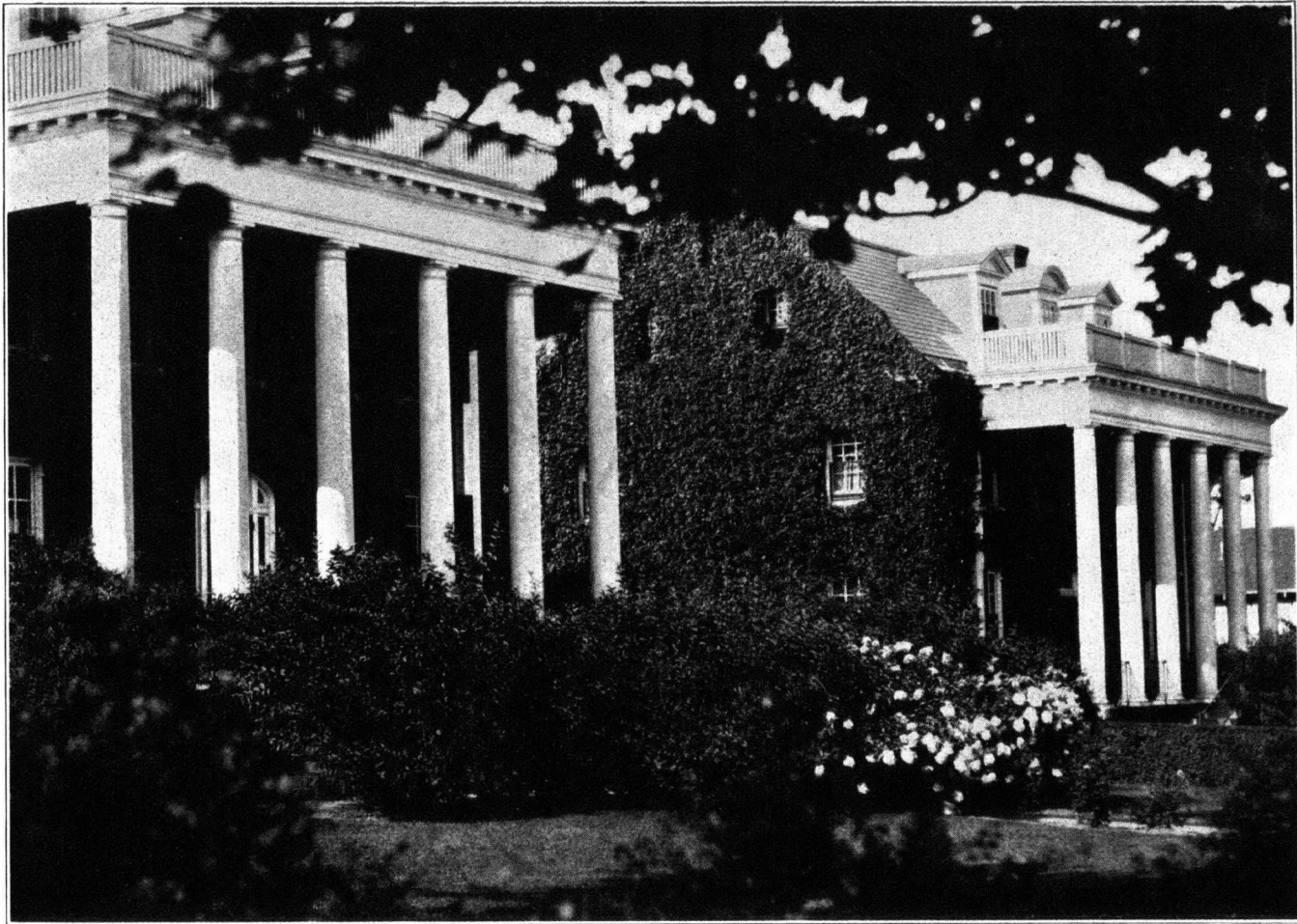
Walter Reed has been your home. Here you have been given the best, and in return you gave of yourselves, and it is this spirit which cements the common bond that unites us in broad and generous fellowship.

Your youth, enthusiasm, and loyalty gave me great happiness when I was with you, and now the memory of your bright faces continues to make me happy.

God speed and bless you!

JAMES MADISON KENNEDY,

Brigadier General, Medical Department, Retired.



Homes of the Commanding Officer and the Chief Surgeon.



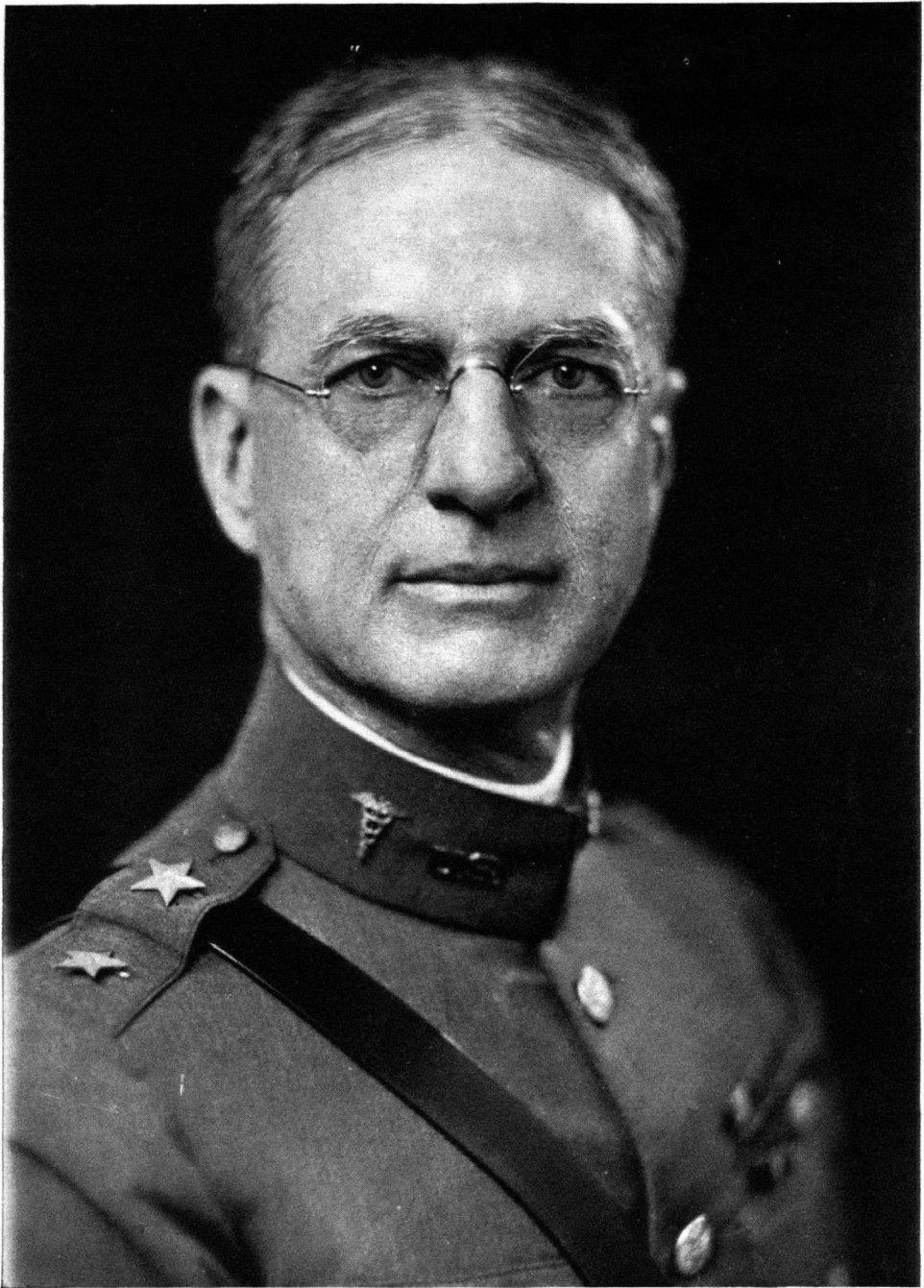
Nurses' Quarters, No. 1, the Office of the Army School of Nursing.







MISS JULIA C. STIMSON,
*Major, Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps,
Dean of the Army School of Nursing.*



MAJOR-GENERAL MERRITT W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CARL M. DARNALL, *Medical Corps.*
Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center.
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed General Hospital.



In Memory of

ROBERT E. KERR

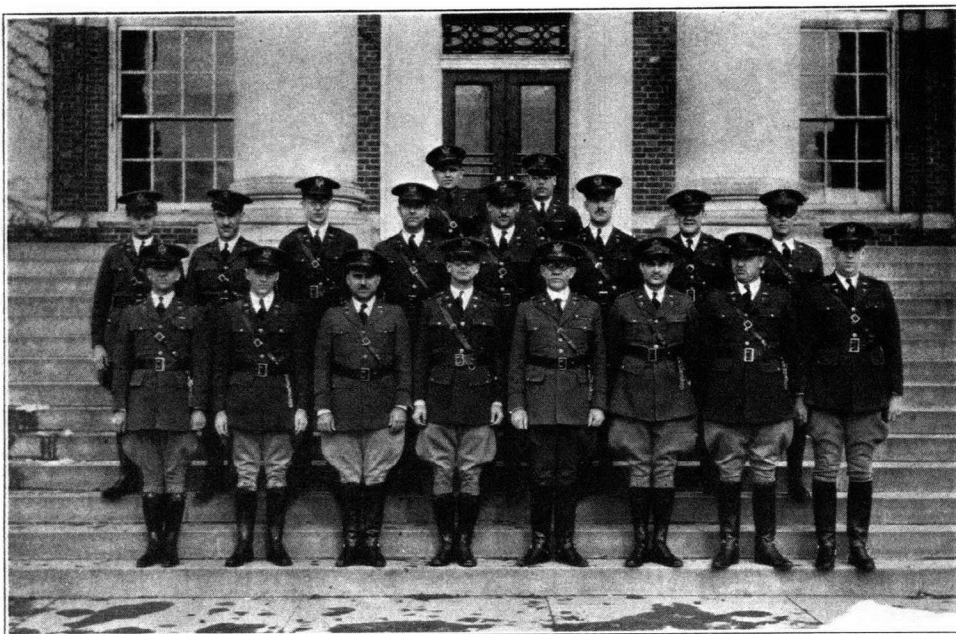
Lieutenant Colonel, Medical Corps

United States Army

1880-1930



In Memory of
WARD S. WELLS
Major, Medical Corps
United States Army
1887-1929



The General and the Internes.



Supervising Staff, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Mrs. Julia O. Flikke, Captain, Army Nurse Corps.
 Miss Elizabeth Reed, First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps.
 Miss Mary Broadus, First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps.
 Miss Ray Landy, First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps.

TAPS 1930

OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION

Army School of Nursing, 1929-1930

COLONEL WILLIAM L. KELLER, M.C.	<i>Director of Surgical Instruction and Clinics</i>
COLONEL CHARLES F. CRAIG, M.C.,	<i>Director, Department of Preventive Medicine and Clinical Pathology</i>
MAJOR ERNEST R. GENTRY, M.C.	<i>Director of Medical Instruction and Clinics</i>
MAJOR GEORGE M. EDWARDS, M.C.	<i>Roentgenology</i>
MAJOR ADAM E. SCHLANSER, M.C.	<i>Director, Oto-Rhino-Laryngology</i>
MAJOR WILLIAM S. CULPEPPER, M.C.	<i>Oto-Rhino-Laryngology</i>
MAJOR JOHN W. MEEHAN, M.C.	<i>Sanitary Science</i>
MAJOR CHARLES C. HILLMAN, M.C.	<i>Diet in Disease, General Medicine</i>
MAJOR CHARLES G. SINCLAIR, M.C.	<i>Microbiology and Pathology</i>
MAJOR JOHN L. SHOCK, D.C.	<i>Oral Surgery, Oral Focal Infections</i>
MAJOR OSCAR P. SNYDER, D.C.	<i>Oral Manifestations of Local and Systemic Diseases, Odontology</i>
MAJOR ASA M. LEHMAN, M.C.	<i>Gynecology</i>
MAJOR ROY E. FOX, M.C.	<i>Urology and Venereal Diseases</i>
MAJOR ROBERT B. HILL, M.C.	<i>Amputations and Orthopedic Conditions</i>
MAJOR GEORGE F. AYCOCK, M.C.	<i>General Medicine, Diet in Disease</i>
MAJOR FRANK D. FRANCIS, M.C.	<i>Communicable Diseases, Dermatology</i> <i>Diet in Disease, Pediatrics</i>
MAJOR LYNN H. TINGAY, D.C.	<i>Oral Hygiene</i>
MAJOR CHARLES R. LANAHAN, M.C.	<i>Neuro-Surgery</i>
MAJOR ROY F. BROWN, M.C.	<i>Ophthalmology</i>
MAJOR CHARLES R. MUELLER, M.C.	<i>Diet in Disease, General Medicine</i>
MAJOR JAMES R. HUDNALL, M.C.	<i>Emergency Nursing, Medical</i>
CAPTAIN FLOYD V. KILGORE, M.C.	<i>Materia Medica</i>
CAPTAIN JOSEPH F. GALLAGHER, M.C.	<i>Anesthesia, Bandaging</i>
CAPTAIN HAROLD W. KINDERMAN, M.C.	<i>Septic Surgery, Empyema, Emergency Nursing Surgical, Principles of Surgery</i>
CAPTAIN JOSEPH F. DARNALL, M.C.	<i>Diet in Disease, General Medicine</i>
CAPTAIN FRANK T. CHAMBERLAIN, M.C.	<i>Drill and Transportation of Patients</i>
CAPTAIN W. HARVEY KERNAN, M.A.C.	<i>Elements of Administration</i>
HELEN BURNS	<i>Practical Dietetics</i>
EMMA E. VOGEL	<i>Physiotherapy</i>
ALBERTA MONTGOMERY	<i>Occupational Therapy</i>
MARY E. SCHICK	<i>Library Technique</i>
DOROTHY F. WILLIAMSON	<i>Social Case Work</i>



Miss Ruth I. Taylor
First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps



Miss Mary W. Tobin
First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps
Director
Army School of Nursing



Miss L. Gertrude Thompson
First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps



Miss Ruth D. Johnson
First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps



Miss M. Genevieve Phillips
Second Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps



Miss Myrtle P. Hodgkins
First Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps

SENIORS





MISS TOBIN, *Class Advisor.*

TAPS 1930

TO THE CLASS OF 1930

YOU HAVE demonstrated by TAPS that you believe in a shifting and changing social organization. This youthful spirit of reaching out is most apparent now, but, because I know you, I venture to say that there is not one of you who does not hold sacred the older ideals and traditions of your profession.

Because you are alert to present-day movements, I select one for your thought, and it is that of character building. We are now told that character education is being taken seriously. This thought is not new, but brought before us with a different viewpoint, and with the suggestion that we dress it up differently. Character education has always and will continue to demand a creative adjustment in this changing civilization.

Will you think of the whole life of an individual incorporating spiritual values which dominate, and not as a small spiritual compartment which functions on isolated occasions? If I thought you could accept Roback practically as well as theoretically, with his concept of character as a disposition to inhibit instinctive impulse in accordance with a regulation principle, I would indeed be happy in the thought that you would have an effective professional life, and a reasonably happy one.

Now this is my real message: "Blessed are those who are so concerned with what is going on in the world and in other people that they have no time to check off a virtue score-card for themselves."

Faithfully yours,

MARY W. TOBIN.

Army School of Nursing

OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	MARY PAGE WILDER
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH EVENSON
<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE C. WAGGONER
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH BAKER
<i>Social Chairman</i>	ELEANOR SMITH



RACHEL B. ABRAHAM
182 Park Street
Canandaigua, New York



DELLA A. AUSTIN
215 Thirty-fifth Street
Newport News, Virginia

RAY is a good scout, quite versatile too; she'll talk about the newest book or go out and play tennis with you. She'll even learn to swim—. By the way, Ray, isn't it time to reveal the fate of the murdered goldfish;

What became of the magic box over in Quarters Seven that held everything from soup to nuts? (She could make herself anything from a bathing suit to an evening gown out of its contents.)

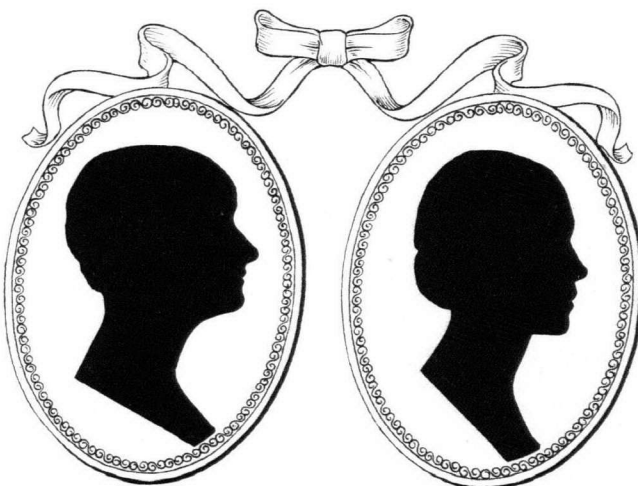
Ray doesn't miss anything, if possible. Remember the time she heard someone say "Fleet's In" and she immediately wanted to know if it were at the Navy Yard or the Seventh Street Wharves, and was quite disillusioned to find it was at the Earle!

LASSES from Newport News! I can see her with a crate of oranges, a big knife, an electric orange squeezer and five empty quart bottles. "Pain, ain't it?"

She will be quite an asset to this apartment we're going to have, for what would we do without Paul around occasionally to move the piano, etc.?

Lasses likes purple, or does she?

Just what does one do when one gets two rubber gloves apparently for the same hand, and the caduces is worn on the left side, really! Strangest of all, she's finishing up with six *good* uniforms! Girls, imagine it! If the rest of us had one decent one we would hoard it and wear it on Class Day.





CLARA ELIZABETH BAKER

2315 Argonne Road
Portsmouth, Ohio

VIRGINIA CAMERON

No. 105, Beaumont Apartments
1300 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, California

"LIBBY, it's time to get up." Time elapses.
"Libby, it's 6:30!!" Later: "Libby, aren't you going on duty today?" About ten minutes later Libby sticks her head out from under the covers and pulls her feet under, (why her feet never freeze remains a deep, dark mystery,) and by seven o'clock she's very much awake, good for at least sixteen hours or easily more.

Libby's a god sport, a whiz of a tennis player and much in demand at the telephone and in the Rec Hut. Everyone is pretty well satisfied with her; no alterations necessary for general popularity.

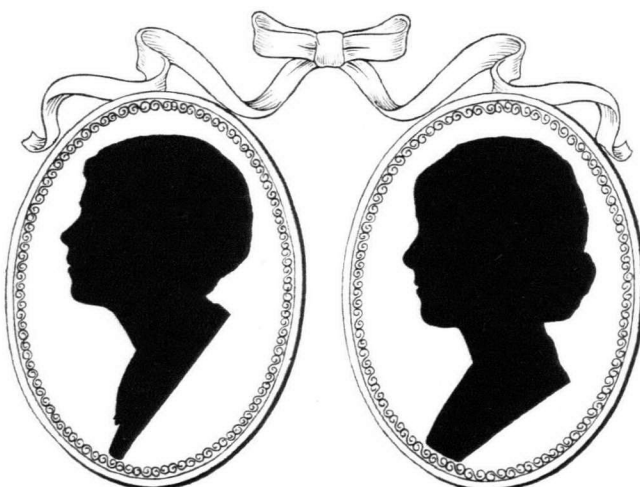
"GIN CAMERON, you have a callar in the Rec Hut." Doesn't that sound familiar?

Is there anyone who has forgotten the fate of Alcibiades, the gold-fish,—the big one that had to stand on his head to turn around in his bowl and who swam nightly in our *bathtub*?

That probie party of Gin and Booze's that had an invitation and menu in strictly scientific and professional terms!

Booze has put away all such childish things and now it's the Georgetown miniature that has the floor.

She's a good sport and a peach to work with. "Co-operation"—and HOW!





ELIZABETH COCKRELL
1006 South Pittsburgh Street
Connellsville, Pennsylvania

HAVE you a little Sis in your home to play your Vic for you when you're lazy? Sis is always good natured and she's the only known person able to subdue Sibbie, by mere physical prowess, I mean.

Who was it anyway that started this Joan Crawford business? "Danny" probably, but anyhow she is supposed to be a good replica of the original. Horse! Sit Down!

Sis what's this about those evenings spent in that "nice quiet park" at Blockley? We're learning things about you every day. Last summer two short honks out front and Sis would leave the Vic on the porch to its own devices and your next glimpse of her would be at breakfast!

LUCY FAIRFAX FRAZIER
Stephens City, Virginia

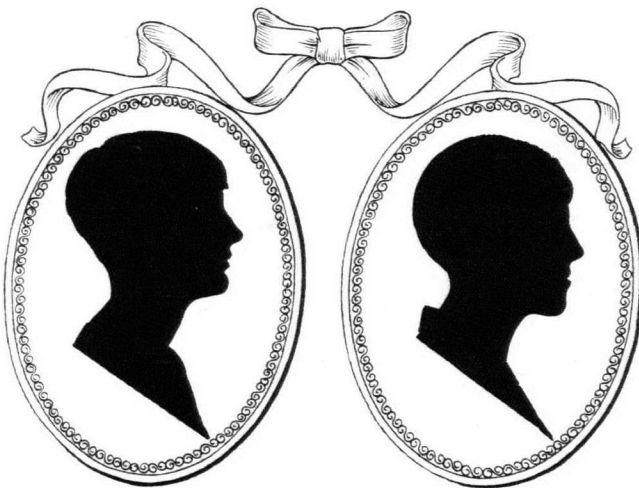
"**T**IME your light was off Miss Frazier." This introduces Fax. She is from Virginia and we hope no one will carry her back.

From many States we came but 'twas Fax who initiated and introduced us to the beauties of "Our Capitol." Bus rides were the order of the day with Fax as "Mr. Cook."

We all join in thanking her for putting over the bazaar. We suggest that her own contributions (stuffed animals) would make wonderful parting gifts, especially "Woof-Woof."

In further reminiscing may we never forget the elaborate spreads after her return from week ends.

Her secret passions are :Public Health, renting apartments, tennis, salads and snow ice cream.





ELIZABETH EVENSON
Cholvin Manor
Wilton, Wisconsin

PROBIE days in Quarters Seven! We would all congregate in Betty's room and she would don her little orange apron and make cinnamon toast for the crowd. She could stir up fudge out of nothing at all, and what fudge. She even greased the plate with cold cream one time when butter was scarce, but it must have been a good brand for we are all living and well.

Those cold nights when we all paraded out to the sleeping porch and found our beds short-sheeted, we have a faint idea that quite often Betty was the instigator.

Betty is frank, vivacious and fun-loving; popular with us all and we will miss her when she goes "On" to "Wisconsin."

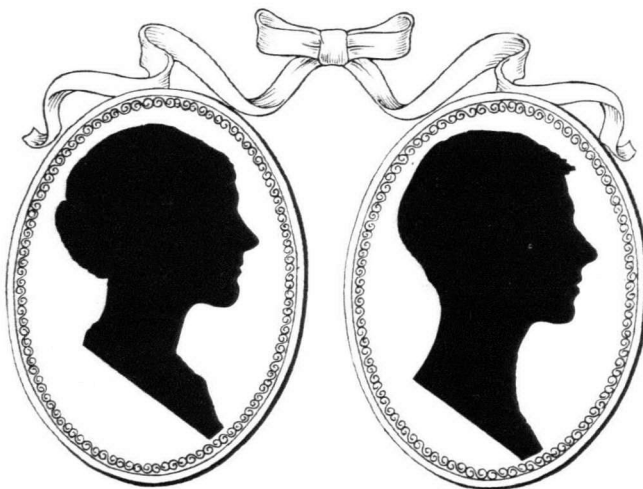


MARY VIRGINIA EVENSON
Cholvin Manor
Wilton, Wisconsin

THERE'S no in between with Gin. She either goes to bed at eight P. M. or one A. M., but she is up with the milkman! (No! Not out with him.) She starts her good deed for the day by dragging some of her lazy neighbors out of bed. "Come on kids—this is Thursday. Yes, all day! Snap into it! Booze, it's your time to take the laundry over."

Gin believes in getting her fifteen-day sick leave yearly. Measles, pneumonia, she'll try anything once. Remember how we visited her on old "25"?

We'll have to hand it to Gin for her good common sense and her unfailing sense of humor that has brought her up smiling from many trying situations.





MABLE SIBLEY
Onamia, Minnesota



CATHERN ULLOM
O'Neil, Nebraska

Now, let us introduce Sibbie: this little girl comes from Minnesota where larks sing bass. Yes and canaries too. However, we forgive her all the damage done to personal property for she knows her bird seed and gravel and that's not all. Just ask her how to get compensation when you're on Public Health; or if she's not "too tired" and you're "broke" she'll be your barber, and how! She can cut capers on anyone's head. Her own curly hair is the secret envy of us all.

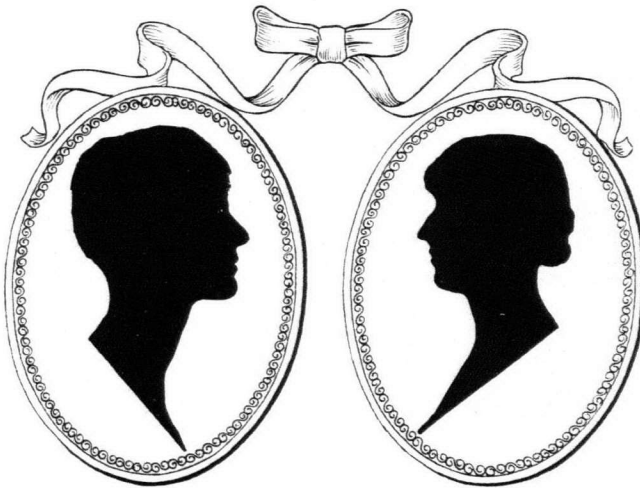
Sib really should have gone in for grand opera for the heart-breaking way in which she can render "In a Little Spanish Town" will make you gnash your teeth and bring tears to your eyes.

SURE, we'll go to the movies, the library or whatnot. Cathern isn't Irish—no not much, but anyway it suits us. She likes antiques, a green room and pink clothes—particularly one article of dress that is exceedingly pink.

Everyone likes her from the mightiest down—even her classmates Peculiar, isn't it?

Judging from her steady capacity for black coffee, she'd make a good living ad for Maxwell House and in her Probie Pageant costume, she would do for the painted one as well.

Cathern is the only one of us that can impress the officer patients to the extent that they write nice letters to the "T. S. O." about her. Thank goodness one of us is a good nurse





ALISON F. YOUNG
11234 South Church Street
Chicago, Illinois



CATHERINE BAYA
Jacksonville, Florida

BANG! Bang! Put on your steel-lined raccoon 'cause here comes A. Y. from—, but we'll let you guess! No Virginian ever loved his native State as well as she does Chicago.

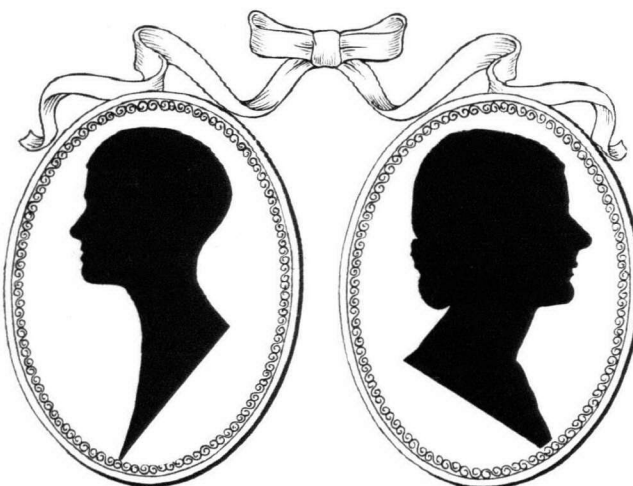
A. Y.'s plenty good with a typewriter and if you want to walk, skate, go sightseeing or just to the movies, she'll always go too. She believes in signs—"Picture ahead, kodak as you go." Her snaps of Walter Reed days would be the envy of any A. S. N.

Brown-eyed conductors—Heart Throbs! But best of all was a phone call or a date with Cadoodle!

A. Y.'s a good nurse and an excellent student but we like her because she is one of our eleven and a good sport on all occasions.

I'LL put it under the bed! I absolutely do not want that table and I can't even give it away." You see, Catherine wants a neat room with no useless articles cluttering and spoiling it's simplicity and beauty. That's just like Catherine herself, she's not a fussy person and her wants are few, but, unlike most of us, she has that admirable trait of knowing what those wants are, and she usually gets them.

You are indeed privileged if you have ever attended a session in Catherine's room when she is holding forth, with great oratory, upon the merits, or demerits, of the most trivial matter. Your time was well spent and you'll remember those merry hours as highspots of your student days.





REBA L. BESS
Keyser, West Virginia

LILLIAN W. BOLT
1117 Vine Avenue
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

HI! THAT'S Sis, happy-go-lucky and independent, ready to lend a helping hand and buck up bruised spirits—chasing away the blues and making her patients forget their aches and pains with a cherry word, a dose of medicine or a back rub.

Say, do you remember that tricky outfit that Sis used to don preparatory to venturing out on the sleeping porch on those cold winter nights? Woolen socks, flannel pajamas, ear muffs and mittens, a veritable bear ready to hibernate!

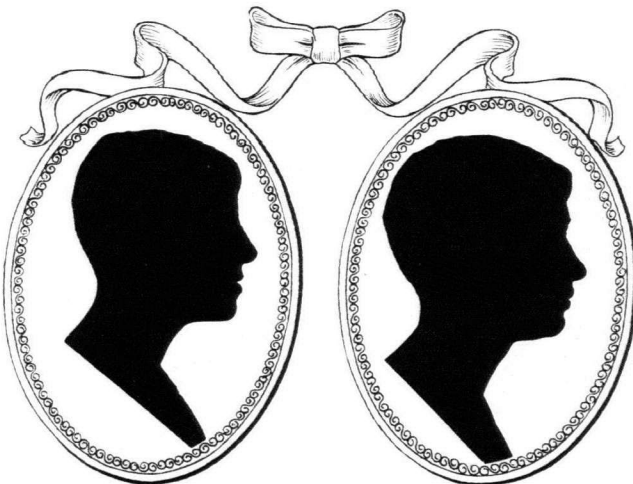
Sis is thinking of taking a P. G. course in administration; Miss R. L. Bess, Superintendent, Hoffman's Hospital, Keyser, West Virginia, or can't you imagine Sis in Miss Tobin's shoes?

LIL is psychologically smitten these days. They say association is a great thing—we are inclined to agree!

Knowing her aversion to subtleties of any kind, we cannot conceal our amazement at her purchase at the bazaar.

Lil hails from Pennsy, but nothing is Dutch to her except probably Chinese. Just ask Lil to supervise any culinary activity if you doubt her domestic ability for I mean she knows her groceries! She is quite generous too, if she thinks you want something in her power to loan or give, it's yours.

Lillian has her state board book already, maybe she's planning to win first honors for the district and we believe she could.





ALICE CLAIBORNE
1021 Harrison Street
Lynchburg, Virginia

THELMA LOUISE COLE
Westernport, Maryland

NO, THE above is not Florence Nightengale, but one who aspires to as high a level.

Al came from Lynchburg, Virginia, the city of hills, a sweet little Southern girl with "that school-girl complexion."

Three years have made little difference in her and her ability to banish sorrow is uncanny.

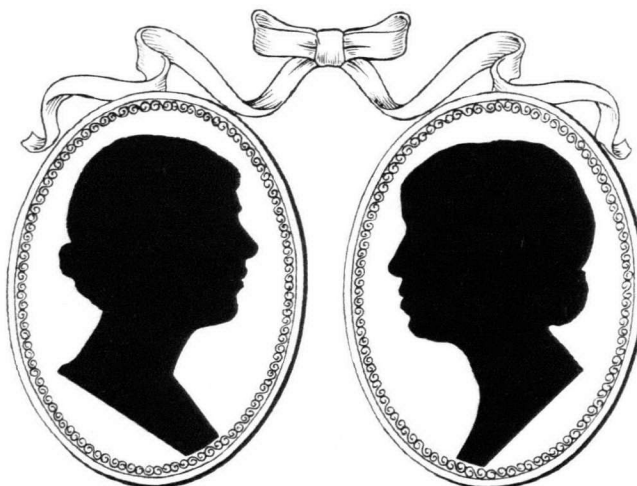
Al adored receiving gifts from an anonymous philanthropist, especially when these gifts come from the Chinese Laundry!

Her kind, sunshiny disposition will long be remembered by everyone who came in contact with her.

Success to you Al!

IN THE rush during our first months here, many of us did not know Thelma very well for she is quiet and unassuming, but after having worked with her we found her most co-operative and efficient. She always does her share of the work, does it well, too; and she has a way of getting her patients to like her.

Thelma was much in demand at the telephone, especially in Quarters III and, by the way Thelma, does smoke come out of one's eyes if one looks closely enough? Also, just what is the point of grabbing the assisting doctor's finger when he tries to use sign language and points?





MARY DUFF
Lawrenceville, Illinois



MARIE VIRGINIA FOUCHE
Anderson, South Carolina

"GET up girls, it's 6:30!!" and immediately there are six loud thumps on the floor and you know that the "Dorm Crew" is up. Duffy was so afraid that we would oversleep that she forfeited her extra half hour of sleep each morning to be the official "alarm clock."

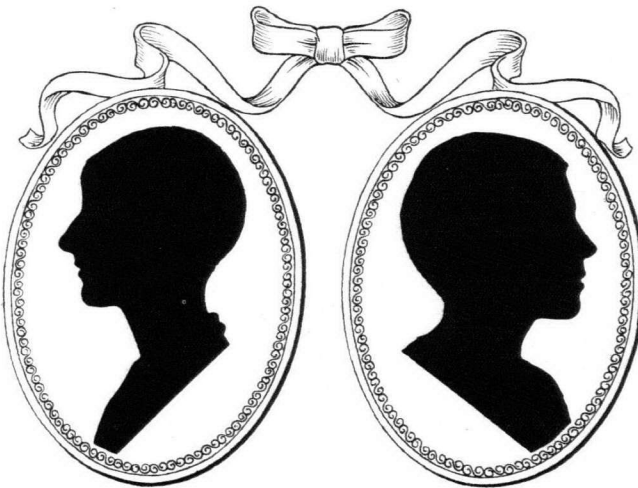
She is such an all right sort of a girl and mere words could never do her justice. We've never heard of anyone yet that doesn't like her.

If you want to hear Duffy rave ask her to tell you about the night a hail-storm struck her room or the night she was used as a canvass upon which several artists worked! And, "Who's the greatest fire-chief this country ever saw?"

COULD anything be more delightful than to find the charm of the South and the vivacity of the French all in "une jeune personne"?

Virginia is the social butterfly of the class. When one thinks of her one usually conjures the picture of a rather small dark-haired girl, garbed in a beautiful evening gown, en route to some social function.

Virginia must have a sadistic streak somewhere in her general makeup, for, whom but a sadist could be so cruel as to let a poor Ford stand parked in front of quarters to brave the ravages of winter? Bravo Ford! We admired you the day you refused to run until almost the whole of Walter Reed's inhabitants arrived on the scene!





INEZ FUNDERBURG
1114 Broadway
Springfield, Ohio

ANOTHER buckeye in our midst! Yes, Inez hails from Ohio, and if there are any more there like she is, please rush them on because they are scarce. She is one of our most conscientious students. Once she is given a piece of work to do it is as good as done. Inez doesn't think this is a bit unusual, but we have our own opinions.

It's a long way back, but does she remember the times in Quarters Three when she used to get up with the birds and have her day well started before the rest of us had even awakened?

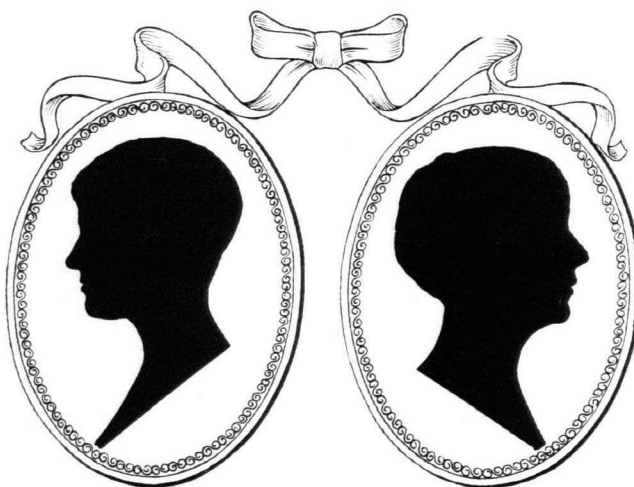
If hard work and perseverance mean anything, Inez will most certainly reach any goal for which she strives.

HELEN M. GRAHAM
2446 East Cumberland Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WHY the animation on yon brow? What, in love again? "K's" motto seems to be: "What a whale of a difference" a little variety makes!

At one time "K" felt a great urge along musical lines. Her supreme triumph was attained the evening she led a very famous orchestra a la impromptu!

Really though, folks, "K" is more serious than this may seem. She has always cheerfully participated in school activities, and this, together with her obvious friendliness to everyone, has gained her many a true comrade. To you, too, "K" we wish the best of luck.





MILDRED A. GROSJEAN
Scott City, Kansas

MARY JEANE HEAD
Waverly, Kentucky

MILDRED is a westerner, this brown-eyed damsel, built for work and speed. She likes Washington "beaucoup," in fact she is satisfied to stay here after she graduates.

Nothing pleases her more than to dine at Child's about twelve o'clock Sunday morning and eye the people as they enter to join the hungry army.

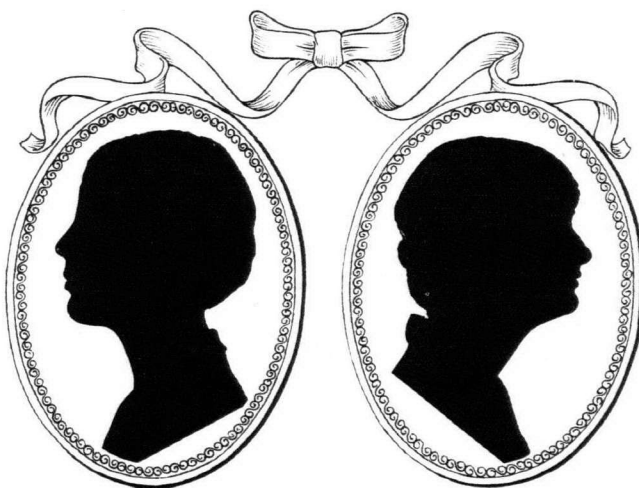
Just watch her face beam when you ask her what color hair she likes best. Of course' she'll say red. Won't you Mildred?

Mildred is an all around god student, as capable as they make them, and she'd certainly get a good recommendation as a nurse from us any day.

IRISH eyes, humor and what-not, (what ever that is). Well, Mary Jeane has it. Clara Bow, look to your laurels, for this fair young damsel could run you a pretty race.

At the present time one does not get more than a glimpse of Mary Jeane, for she is usually on call, either in the O. R. or the Rec Hut. Forsooth! These doctors! Sure, they do keep one on the jump! Now Mary Jeane, don't blush. We are merely ragging you a little. Are we jealous? Well, maybe!

If the modern adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown of popularity" is true, poor girl, are you not suffering with severe migraine?





VERLIE ELIZABETH HEIMSATH
North Madison, Indiana

MAXINE HOSKINS
Lake Mills, Wisconsin

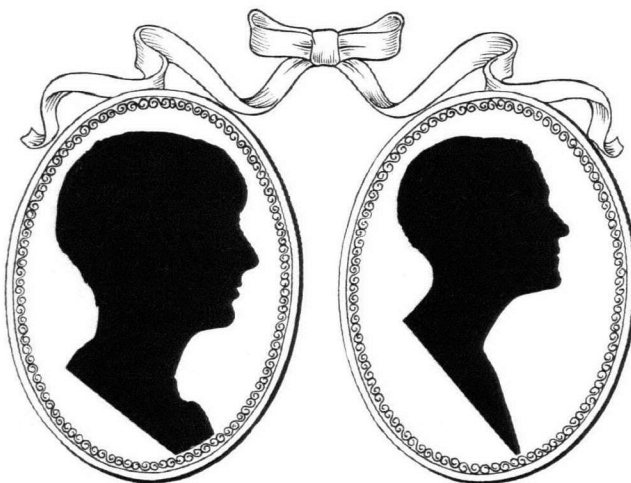
VERLIE's spare time seems to be spent in "banging on the piano" as she terms it. Nevertheless she seems quite adept as a pianist, being able to play most any number from "The St. Louis Blues" to the more difficult selections of Brahms. Many a time she has entertained the world-weary nurses in the Rec Hut.

Her chief ambition is to take a P. G. course in E. N. T. Woe unto those poor tonsils for we know her surgical technique is of the super class!

Verlie dances, too. Oh my yes Did you see our pageant, Mr. Ziegfeld? No? Well, you missed the chance of your life. It's too late now, my lad, for she's determined to stick to nursing!

AND then we have the young lady whose early post-probie days were spent in trying to unravel the dark mystery surrounding the art of pushing wheel chairs up inclines. (This was before the time of the new corridors.) Night after night she struggled bravely in an effort to conquer the laws of gravity, but alas, to no avail! The enigma remains unsolved.

Despite this evident determination to solve the, well, impossible problem, she got over it and Tony is now beloved by all. Her sense of humor, wit and good fellowship has earned a much envied place in everyone's heart for her. More power to you, Tony!





ANN MARY JONES
Saluda, Virginia



AURORA M. KARVI
310 Crawford Street
Copper City, Michigan

Two ways to flatter Ann: tell her she has gained a pound or that she is psychotic. That takes care of both her physical and mental aspirations.

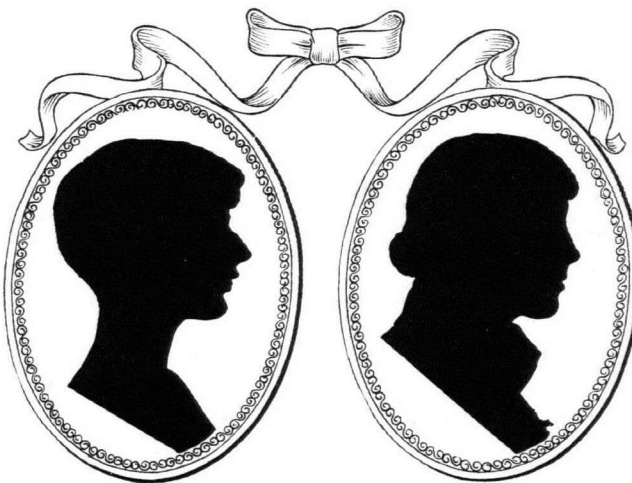
From Ann we always expect the unexpected. We even hope to see her on time, someday, just once!

She is probably the most striking personality in the class; she is possessed of real artistic appreciation and undoubted talent. From the place cards at our Proby Dietetics Luncheon to Art Editor of our Annual, we have always had to turn to her—and she never fails us—even though she may retard us at times! But is she intelligent? “More than anybody—”

THEY tell us that cold showers are good to end up with, but we never learned the value of ice cold ones in full uniform; perhaps Roe could enlighten us, however.

Roe has two weaknesses: sports, any variety but especially ice skating, and sleeping on Gin's bed—only to be ruthlessly aroused from her pleasant dreams of sand crabbing down in old Virginia.

Those who know her best say she was quite small, demure and solemn three years ago, but we understand this year's physicals rates her as stocky! If you retain any delusion about her being demure, call her “Rosie” and, if you're brave, stick around and see what happens!





ESTHER KAUFMAN
231 East Main Street
Lebanon, Ohio

ANNE K. LANDGRAFF
4 Duncan Avenue
Crafton, Pennsylvania

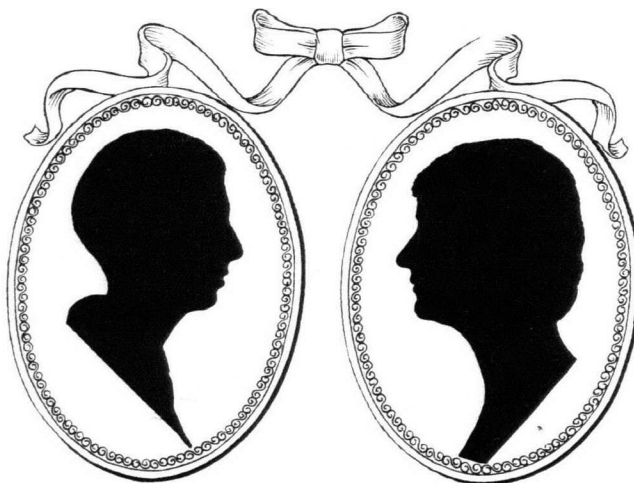
WHO is that going through that pile of old magazines? Why, it's Ek, of course, who else could it be? She's merely on her daily search for reading material. Can't you just see her, sitting on her bed, Turk fashion, deeply absorbed in a book? But if you want someone to go to the "Greasy" with you Ek is just the one to ask; that is, if you're not on the point of starvation, because it always takes her ages to get her nose powdered. Anyway, you can depend on her being willing and good humored about it.

Everyone like Ek—both on and off duty. "Good goods comes in small packages" and she surely adheres closely to the rule.

ANNE is a regular dynamo of energy. It's a pity we can't all lay our burdens upon her shoulders, for I'm sure she wouldn't mind. If only you could put forty-eight hours in the day so that she wouldn't slight anyone!

If you want to learn any of the latest songs and you are "broke" as usual, or if you have forgotten the words, don't let it worry you—Anne can set you straight on anything that's come out in the last five years.

There's a friendly word of advice that we want to give her. We trust that the next time she steps out upon one of her numerous engagements, she'll first look in her pocketbook to make sure that she's fully equipped!





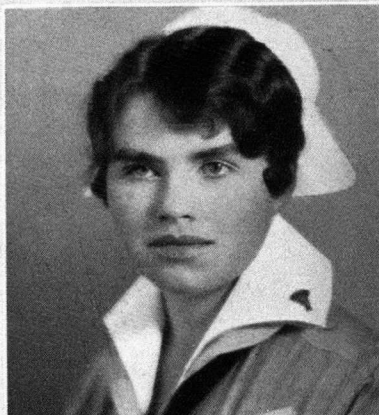
MARY MADDEN

118 Pearl Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

DEAR old "grandmother" Madden, always ready and willing to listen to our love stories—sob stories—and what have you. Regardless of whether she is interested or not, she always has a way of appearing so absolutely concerned or sympathetic, or whatever the occasion calls for.

Oh yes, she had little secrets all her own, hidden someplace, but one would never guess. "Still waters run deep" you know. An earnest observer might see a letter now and then, post-marked Japan. It may be only family interest but we have our doubts.

As a student Mary really knows her stuff. Exams? They're nothing — never crams — just knows it!



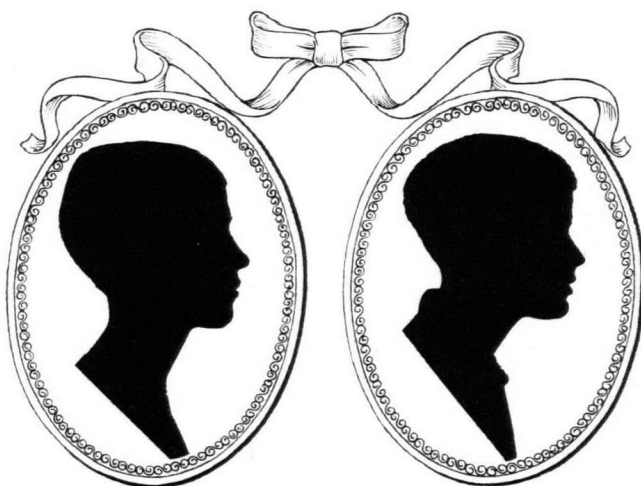
FALICE MARKS

1719 C. Street
Sparrows Point, Maryland

ANY more old silk socks?" This was Falice's war cry as she proceeded to dye, cut and sew in her campaign for the bazaar.

She is one of our most loyal classmates, always ready to help make a go of anything, and she does her bit by everyone. If it's just some little thing you want, she probably has it; if it's a magazine she usually has a new one; if it's some information she can usually supply it; and if you're going out there's nobody like Falice to make you look your best. That curling iron of hers surely does wonders!

Now don't you think we owe her a lot? She may be little but she's on the "biggest" girls we have.





MARY MORRIS MARSHALL
Front Royal, Virginia

ETHEL CECILIA MAC LEAN
South Portland, Maine

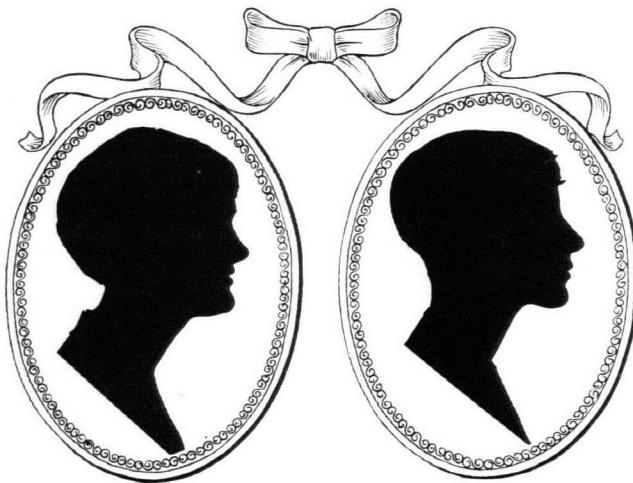
HERE is Mary. You probably do not know her, for none of us really do. Again "still waters" is appropriate. Beneath her placid surface are unfathomable depths of loyalty, discretion and candor, which have made her an invaluable friend to those who have a taste for such old-fashioned virtues.

In our first impression of Mary we thought of her as a serene sort of person, voicing quaint southern ideas in her inimitable patois. Just a dash of local color right out of the Valley of Virginia. Our impressions have not changed, nor has she. We marvel yet at her languor and respect her golden silences, knowing that they complete the picture of a very genuine lady.

MICKEY even supported activities while she was at home on sick-leave—to wit, her contributions to the Bazaar. She has made many more contributions: her music—when did she ever fail to "play the accompaniment"? But there was a time when the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" was a battle trump!

Tiny, dainty, full of quaint sayings—one would never suspect the streak of stern New England in Mickey, but it's there, and not far below the surface. She has ideas of her own and they are *usually* good ones.

By the way, Mickey, was it appendicitis or *personality plus* that won you the place of honor as Miss Tobin's guest?





ALICE L. OSGOOD
Cazenovia, New York



MARY PALMER
Milton, North Carolina

WE WONDER if Lucy remembers the night that she stayed over to help the student give some "hypos" according to Harriet Lane technique? That's the way Lucy is—always willing to do anything and always cheerful about it, but never disgustingly so. She makes you feel as though she'd really like to help you.

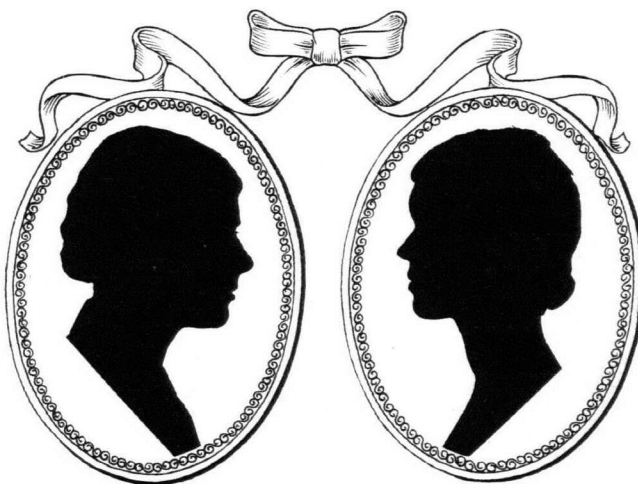
Whereas some people are natural grumblers and have to study a thing a long time before they see anything nice in it, it takes a mighty big thing to jar Lucy out of her sunny disposition. If there were more people like her there would be little truth in saying: "The world is made of smiles, sniffles and sobs with sniffles predominating."

BURRRRR! The telephone—"Mary Palmer"—
"Yes, I'm coming." There she goes—reddish hair, a southern accent and a way that makes the opposite sex fall sooner or later. Such is our Mary!

To work in the morning, home in the evening, a call and then out for a good time. Always full of pep and ready to go. Mary is a whiz at bridge, loves to dance, and is a lover of the Army! (And HOW!)

Her boxes from home are known to all for being generous, everyone around gets to enjoy them with her.

With the above qualities we need not worry for, Mary, we know you'll get there!





LENOR MARY PARRY
737 Hamilton Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania

LENOR is a vivid young person, in every respect modern and delightful. She is our entertainer, on stage and off, and has saved many a day for our class by bringing her dramatic talent to the rescue. When strains of Russian music startle the air, wait for the flash of her boots in a brilliantly moving, original dance. Applaud and applaud again.

Lenor, we shall be wishing before long that we could bring you back again upon our vision by the mere act of handclapping. May your life always be as bright and interesting as your personality.



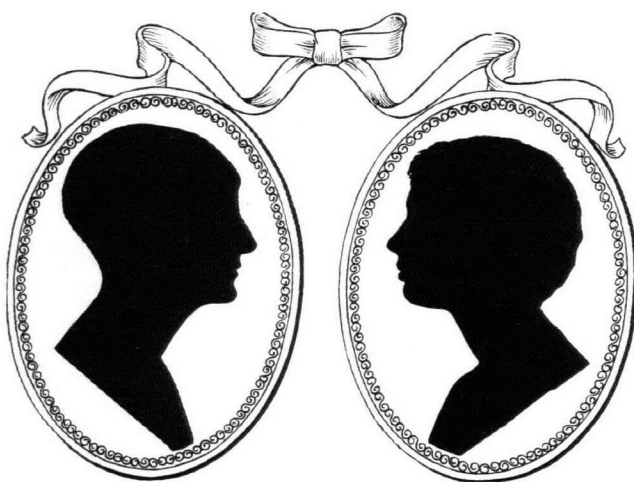
CATHRYN M. SAGRARIO
3141 Mt. Pleasant Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

ESPAÑOLA and how!

To look at Kay makes one dream of gardens, mantillas, toreadors and moonlight nights echoing with the strumming of guitars.

True to her type Kay is a marvelous dancer. This she proved to us in the delightful interpretation of Epimetheus in the June pageant. As saucy a boy as ever could be found!

Kay has many accomplishments: her dauntless boasting of having the percentage value of Ivory Soap; her ability to get ads is surpassed by none and when things go slowly you can depend on Kay's happy-go-luckiness to liven up the gang. Does this ever turn out disastrously? Why YEAS! WHO CARES?





ANNE SAVAGE
Birmingham, Alabama

ELLA ELIZABETH SITES
Charles Town, West Virginia

ANNE—the girl that invented a new use for the nail file. 'Nuff said? All right, we'll quit.

If Anne had lived in the days of long ago she would have been a famous oracle, for from her lips come words of wisdom. She can discuss anything—love, philosophy, politics, psychology, birth control and what have you. And she has the courage of her convictions!

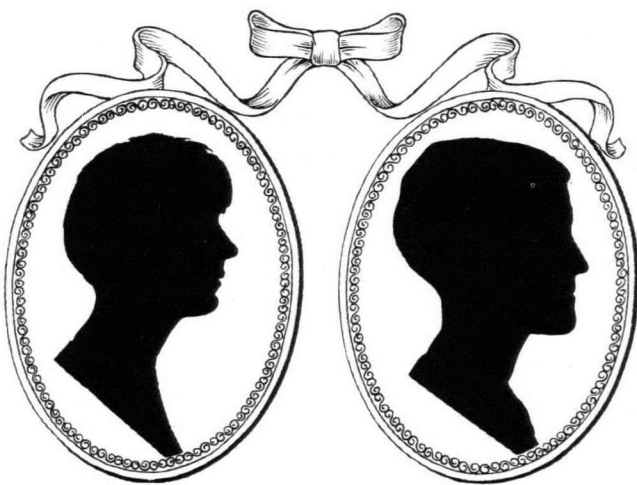
Anne is a loyal friend and the kind one likes to have. If you need some one to talk things over with, she's right there to listen.

She has the ambition to want some big things, and the initiative to go after them. We only wish that we could help her pave that path to glory.

THE soul of conscientiousness, steadfastness and adherence to principle came into our class in the form of Libbie Sites. We would like to know anyone that worked harder for the Bazaar. If anything is assigned to Libbie you can be sure it will be done efficiently and promptly.

She just missed being a red-head but she really isn't, altho' sometimes in the sun we wonder.

Would you think Libbie could be a vamp? Well, she is, so hang on tightly to the B. F. for if she gets her hands on him you may be sorry! Those hands are rather nice ones, too, one of her best personal assets.





ELEANOR M. SMITH
La Vale
Cumberland, Maryland

"OH, SMITTY, the ship's in!" Then Smitty's not with us so much. The Carnegie Institute is a wonderful thing, but one of its prominent members certainly absorbs a great deal of her off time.

The Army School is fitting Smitty for two professions. Obviously, one is nursing. Equally as obvious, the other is being manager of an exclusive dance pavilion. We're trying to give her enough experience now so that she can make her choice immediately when she finishes. We don't think there's a doubt in any one's mind but that she'd make a charming hostess and an efficient manager. On the other hand we cannot deny that she has the qualifications of an excellent nurse.

Smitty, which shall it be?



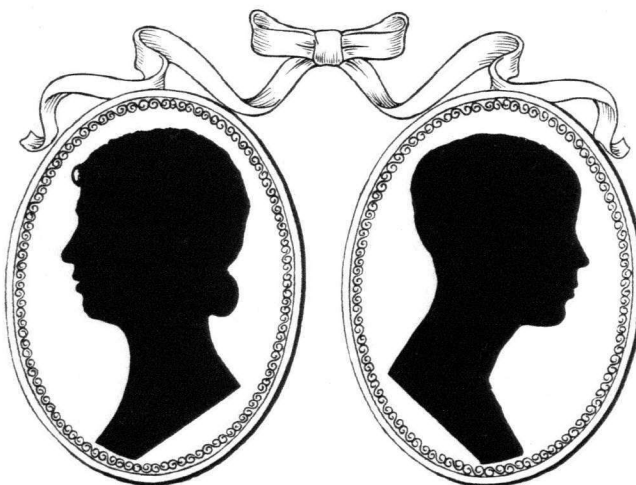
NATHALIE HATHORN SPENCER
Birch Knolls
Cape Cottage, Maine

NATHALIE has a flair for things Spanish, toradors and the like; and because she can roll her R's so beautifully, at the same time getting just the right inflection upon that broad A, we shouldn't be surprised if she takes up the language seriously. But can she take anything seriously very long?

For some time Nathalie has been the keeper of the telephone.

There's nothing quite so complimentary as calling the O. D. a "Sergeant" or even in an emergency "Private."

Nathalie's always ready to help with class activities. She'll do it willingly too.





ESTELLE M. STRICKLER
630 Broadway
Hanover, Pennsylvania



ANITA ULKE
Base Nine
Cape May, New Jersey

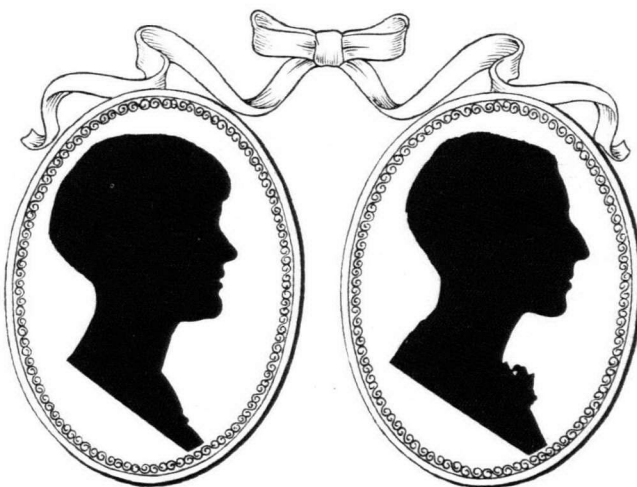
STEL's off for another Annapolis Hop. We think she might as well stay there and commute with Walter Reed. She wouldn't have to worry about overnights or one o'clocks then. We know she could get here by seven A. M.—if she didn't have to run back too many times for things she had forgotten. Stel's always the last up in the morning but the first to head the "chow line."

Estelle's always in a good humor and everyone likes her. She's as kindhearted and generous as anyone could be. Talented? Most assuredly. Why it's a real talent to have her personality to say nothing of her ability as a pianist or her contralto voice that is one of the mainstays of the Senior Choir.

MAY we present to you Mlle. Anita, designer extraordinaire, creator of Parisienne gowns, wraps and lingerie, cocktail jackets her specialty. Startling creations are her hobby, and how she delights in it all! Anyone in doubt as where to snip this or tuck that simply call on her and your puzzle is solved. She has access to a most resourceful "TRUNK" from which might come—well, most anything.

Anita's talents are unlimited—artist, chauffeur and as a debater, well, she has more words at her command than she can use, therefore, sometimes getting them slightly mixed!

She's a likable girl to say the least.





ALICE CATHERINE WAGGONER
226 Orchard Avenue
Lebanon, Ohio

FRANCES ELIZABETH WALLACE
Wilmington, Ohio

IF AL makes as good a start at everything as she did at Lizzie's," her life will certainly be "one grand slam after another." And you know, it isn't everyone for whom one can predict such achievements.

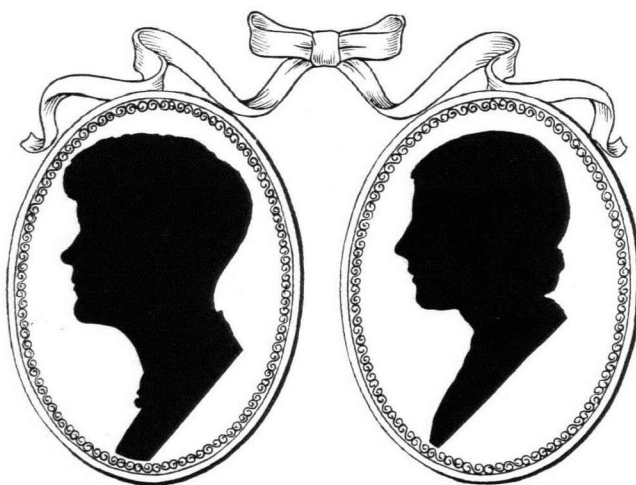
Some one has said "Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's greatest gifts." If that is so Al is thrice blest, for you never heard an unkind word about her from anyone.

She never shirks a job, and she's always there to do her bit in everything. Much credit is due her for the organization of the "Nurses' Choir."

A patient having Al for a nurse would certainly be justified in saying: "I don't want to get well—"

"WAD someone the giftie gae us, to sae ourselves as other sae us." But it's just Bettie's way of apparently being oblivious of her good points that make us like her so well. Some day when someone says: "You're good, Bettie" surprise them all and say: "Good? I'm just perfect!"

Leave it to Bettie to make a success of anything she attempts. Really her impersonation of a monkey on a string, or a person distracted by surrounding circumstances, are epics in our dramatic world. Her unfailing sense of humor has saved the day in more than one unpleasant situation.





ANN WATSON
Ellenville, New York

MARY PAGE WILDER
Aberdeen, North Carolina

WILL she take state boards, or will she not? When we're all being retired we still expect to see Ann frantically running around trying to find out her "finishing date," and if she's eligible for state boards in November, May or any other time. Of course, they may marry her off in the meantime, then it won't matter.

One day Ann burst into poetry: "What lips these lips have kissed and missed!" The significance is lost on us as that's as far as she got, but we all thought it was about far enough!

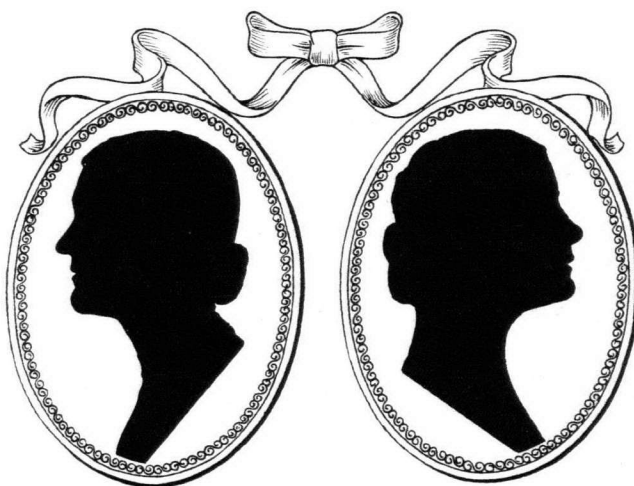
Everyone should have a creed; Ann has one: "I must have a finishing date; give me a finishing date, or at least come on out on the back porch with me!"

VIOLA mates, THE CAPTAIN!!

Mary Page has finally piloted the good ship "Class of 1930" to its last port. Mon Dieu, what a trip! What storms and mutinies she had to contend with! Through perseverance, executive ability and sympathetic understanding this feat was accomplished. To her, mates, goes the Croix de Guerrre.

But before we go, here's a secret: Page is a poetess! (Exclamations of surprise.) Yes, and she is really very clever. Remember this for some day we shall be proud to say: "Oh, yes, that new sonnet by M. P. Wilder. She was our class president at Walter Reed."

Best of luck, Page, and may there always be plenty of mint juleps served on your veranda in the sunny South.





VIRGINIA M. WILLIAMS
Gwynn, Virginia

VIRGINIA, so full of pep and always there with a laugh, come to us from an isle in the Chesapeake Bay. They say: "The midway garden spot in the Atlantic." No wonder she likes crabs and oysters!

Who can forget those early days in Quarters Three, when first thing in the morning and the last at night, Gin's sweet contralto voice could be heard through the corridors, bringing us all the latest song hits. ("I still have you, Sonny Boy.")

When it comes to making dogs, the calico kind, why even the U. S. Capitol is adorned with one of her special designing.

Virginia's virtues are numerous, but her patience while waiting for Roe is most astounding!

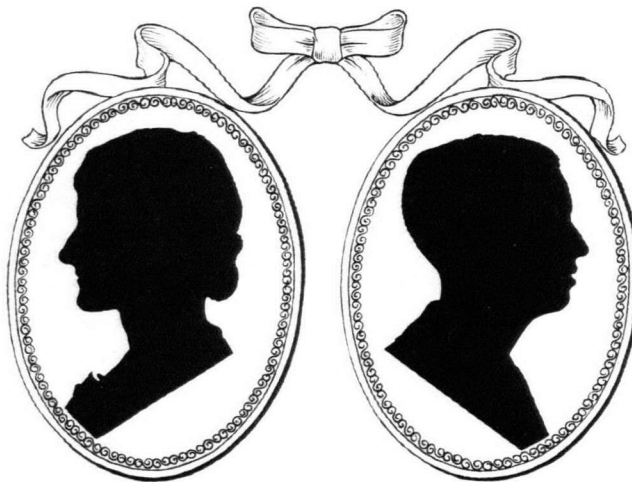


GRACE E. YOUNG
622 Shriver Avenue
Cumberland, Maryland

FEW have been so interested and able in the name of the class as Grace. For her no task is too hard. Her unequalled ability to make and sell caps has been the nucleus of a successful annual fund.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." So with Grace. They say she became so disturbed one evening that it was necessary to put her in a cold pack.

Here's something of interest to members of the I. V. N. S.: Have you heard of Grace's becoming a vegetable vender at Center Market? (while waiting to hear from State Boards.) We have long wondered about the onion scent and the potato sprouting in her room. She believes in getting an early start!



A MESSAGE FROM THE CLASS PRESIDENT

For three years we have worn in our insignia the lamp. Be that lamp in tribute to Florence Nightingale, and thus the sign of the scientifically educated, modern nurse,—be it the age-old symbol of the student,—be it the torch of new standards, forward-looking ideals,—it is equally appropriate on our uniform. Those three approaches to nursing have the foundation of our training. However, the chief significance of our insignia,—to all of us,—is, simply, "This is our School."

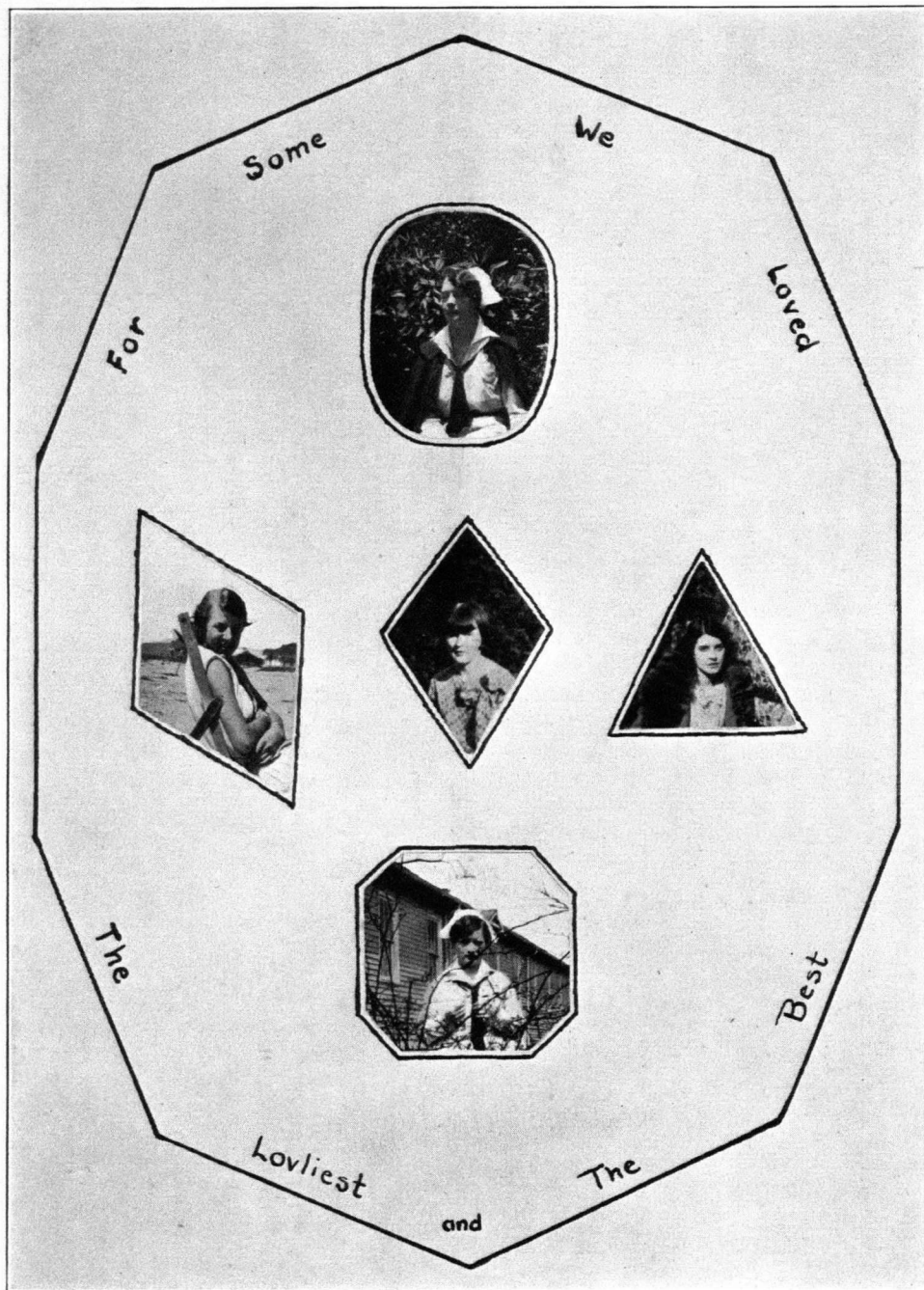
Now we will wear the lamp no longer, but surely our insignia, with all that it means, has in some way grown into our hearts. Our school is the realization of the cherished dreams of those splendid women who have taught and guided us, and in each one of us is demonstrated again its success or failure,—the weight of our testimony on one or the other side of the balance. And as long as we live we will in some measure reflect on our School. We may not forget that it is our sworn obligation and our privilege to protect its fair name, even if negatively, just by casting no blot on it. Though some of us may never nurse another day, professionally, those, too, have an obligation,—of appreciation for the full and stimulating years that we have spent here.

It is as though we have spent a life-time together, we who for three years have been friends and comrades,—who have stood together in the presence of death,—who have seen the awful solemnity of birth,—and who have met so many phases of life between, in illness and in health,—and we have been all along, as it were, hand in hand. Surely this lays upon us a great bond: of unity, of loyalty to each other, to those who in their own persons have exemplified all that is finest in our profession, and to the ideals that we have been taught to honor.

Now as the Spring comes again, even in the glory of the cherry-blossoms there will be for all of us some sadness, that this is our last time, and I would urge you to hold to your hearts the sights and sounds that we have loved. They will be simple things, I know,—Summer evenings, and girls singing on the steps,—long walks in the Park on bright Fall days,—the still beauty of snowy mornings on the Post,—the lovely cycle of our gardens,—bridge games in the Dormitory, dances in the Recreation Hut. These are the things that, in the years to come, will bind us to each other and to the School we love.

Devotedly yours,

MARY PAGE WILDER.





CLASS

HISTORY

Booze Cameron

Army School of Nursing

CLASS HISTORY

WE CAME!

IN THE year A. D. 1927—which we once thought everyone at Walter Reed would remember always because of its new addition of “important personages”—from all points of the compass and elsewhere, came youth—joyous, expectant, ready to conquer the world, and having that air of importance which in their minds meant “I am now a member of the student body, I want recognition and I mean to have it”. (Which air was soon broken by instructors, upperclassmen, and members of the group which we first thought were internes because they were dressed in white but were later informed as to their status.)

Two sections—those entering in March, numbering eleven in all, had become accustomed to the army routine and atmosphere had attained the thing which each probie thinks is the impossible—the white cap—and were affixing the “A. S. N.” to their signatures when the October members put in their appearance.

AH! WE CAME——

WE SAW!

The graduates in white, many with black bands, a few who later became our “Big Sisters”; the students in blue, the occupational and physiotherapy aides in medium and deep blues; men in white hurrying hither, thither and yon with the pillowcases over their shoulders which served as bags for various and sundry purposes; men in regular army uniform with straps over the shoulder—later we learned they were officers but at first “they all looked alike to us”; the low grey temporary buildings which served as wards, nurses quarters, laboratory, etc.; the foundations for the new buildings; the formal garden in all of its autumn beauty with its winding paths overshadowed with trees.

SO, WE SAW——

WE CONQUERED!

It did not take us long to get into the march, especially after we found the way to the mess hall. First we learned to know our classmates and affix nicknames to a few, some sweet and refreshing like “Lasses” and “Gin.”

Then came physicals—a mystery to all—and oh my, how they were dreaded by each and every one, and how PERFECTLY abSURD to feel that way.

Physicals over, we were given our daily routine—6 a. m., setting-up exercises on the tennis court or on the cinder parking road. And have we prayed for rain because it meant just a little longer to sleep! Classes during the day, and where is there one of us who can forget our anatomy class and our precious little pigs? And shades of chemistry and bacteriology! And dare I even bring to mind the Friday afternoons of six weeks spent in the Post Surgeon’s office with Miss Peters, where we each learned what a hypodermic syringe looked like and how the needle felt.

Then of course being with the army we needed to know how to drill, so drill we did. Can you do it now? “Attention” “About Face” “Right Dress”. And how discouraged or disgusted Lt. Billick must have been when the command “Squads Right” was given and we did the very opposite—or probably worse by not doing anything at all but run into each other.

TAPS 1930

But in those early days it was not all work—"Pink teas" given by the alumnae to welcome us, in October a boat ride down the river to Fort Washington by the graciousness of Chaplain Oliver, a Hallowe'en party in the "Rec Hut" with witches n'everthin', leave of absence for some at Thanksgiving and for others at Christmas (and some needed it to cheer them up), the formal opening of the new Red Cross building on Thanksgiving Day with a tea, and in December the Senior dance. And of course we must not omit the joy and perhaps fear at our first days on the wards.

The first of January, 1928, saw the latter half of the class still working hard striving to attain the first mile post of the race—a cap. But days passed, and probably too quickly—as we now look back, with the cap mounted on our heads, each in her peculiar style—we came to the parting of the ways. We were separated, never to again be united as a class. Some went to Philadelphia General for pediatrics and others to Johns Hopkins. Then came St. Elizabeth's and Public Health. Is it possible for us to forget our trips to Atlantic City while in "Philly", Leo's and the State in Baltimore, the Point in summer at "Lizzies", the beauty of the fourteen-inch snow and the discomfort of the heat, coupled with the annoyance of how to keep the tokens straight while on District?

Of course we had some very exciting and memorable times on the Post, especially when the whistle would blow in the wee small hours of the morning. Just ask any girl who lived in Quarters 2, 3 or 7 what happened one morning in early December about four o'clock when the shrill sound of that whistle penetrated the atmosphere and awakened everyone from a peaceful slumber.

The beginning of 1929 found us just a little more confident of our ability and feeling a bit more important, and even more so after commencement week when we were informed officially that we were seniors and were excused from roll call, which meant just ten additional winks of sleep in the morning.

In April we received our sacred class rings and we celebrated by giving a dance in the Recreation hut. We had a picture of a very large ring with a light behind the stone, on the balcony rail. During the course of the evening Sgt. King made an attempt to take a flash picture. It may be that we were not used to being in the lime-light (or flashlight); but, whatever excuse we have to offer, the picture was not much of a success.

Time began to pass rather rapidly after commencement and our thoughts were turned toward the finances of our year book. For a while we were quite discouraged but our hopes were raised when the annual senior bazaar was put over so successfully. And let us not look with scorn upon the other activities for the benefit of 1930 TAPS.

In November Chaplain Oliver began holding church services in the Red Cross instead of the Y. M. C. A. and he asked our class if we would assist with the music—thus the first nurses' choir was established. Our hopes are that the new chapel will find a goodly number in the choir loft.

New Year's Eve, and we were ushered into the year which at one time seemed so far away and meant so very much to us—and still does; but now that it has arrived, are we glad or sorry? ———. Each member of the class must answer this question for herself.

Exciting moments in Quarters "2" were many but one which caused the great commotion in January was the afternoon when the nurses' mess hall kitchen caught fire. Not much damage was done except a few wrinkled clothes from a hurried packing, and we failed to have cabbage that Saturday evening for supper because the chemicals got in it.

On January 27, Miss Tobin entertained the class in her apartment in Delano Hall.

Army School of Nursing

We played bridge so fast that Miss Thompson remarked it made her dizzy to watch us. (Imagine Miss Thompson getting dizzy over a game of cards after having seen her in the O. R.). We enjoyed the evening and were quite reluctant to leave, but there is an end to everything.

Our time is about up; we have been broadcasting for almost three years and we must sign off. As we meet commencement, changing blue to white, having overcome the difficulties and obstacles which loomed so large before us in the far past of 1927, we look back over our three years of experience feeling a regret that we must leave our school. We wish to thank those who have so patiently borne with us and rendered assistance when it was necessary, during our journey.

THUS WE HAVE CONQUERED—

Farewell A .S. N.!

G. E. Y. '30.

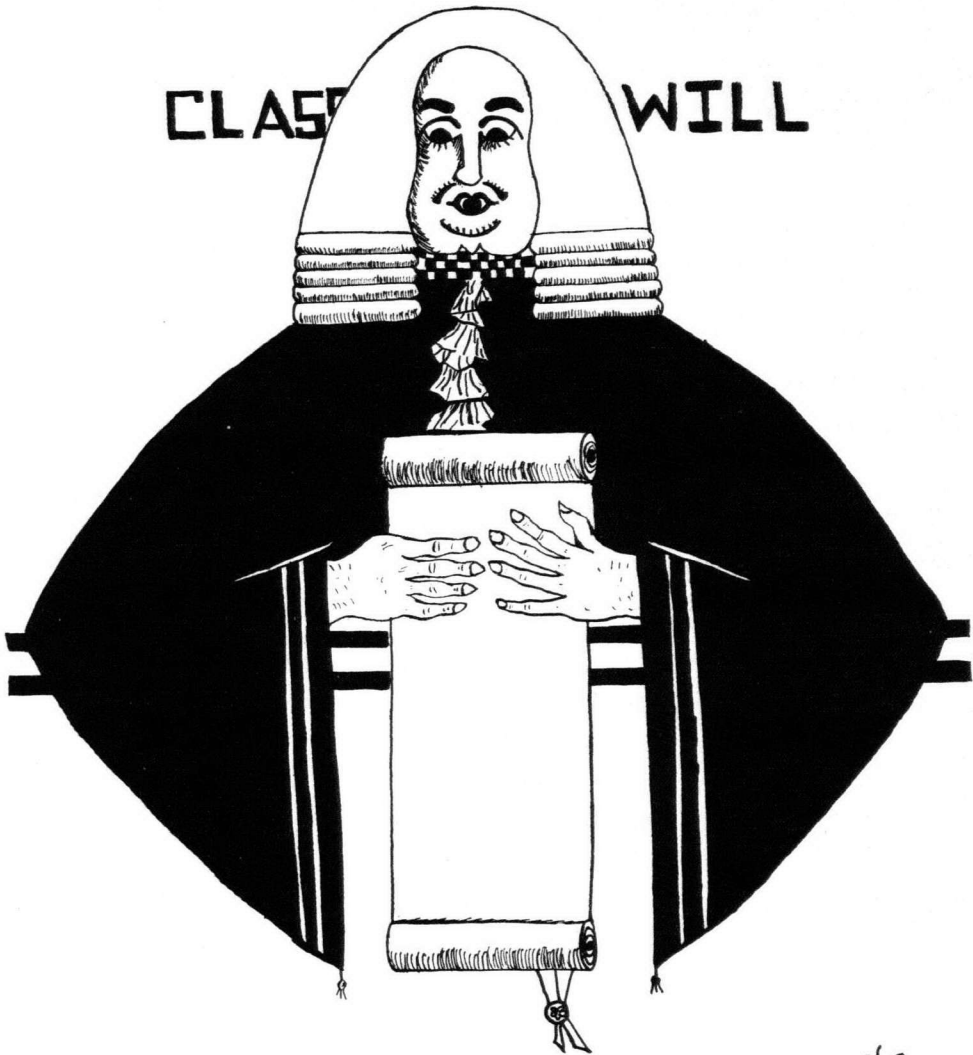
FOR AN ARMY STUDENT'S CAPE

*Maroon and blue,—what courage and ideals
Patience and high hearts, ministering hands!
Have been the treasures covered by your folds!
And sturdy shoulders that have burdens borne
Have stood the straighter that you lay there, too!
Hours of midnight vigil wrapped you closer,
Rain and stormy weather knew your journeys
Back and forth. The emblems on your collar
Shine brighter now than when with awe-struck pride
A Nurse's fingers pinned them. Now you stand
With honors, with three full, long years achieved,
Your Service Record clean!*

M. P. W.

SENIOR

CLASS WILL



W. S. S. S.

Army School of Nursing

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

K NOW ALL MEN by these present; that we of the Army School of Nursing, in this, the most sacred year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty; being of sound mind and memory, and of a sound and disposing will; and realizing that during our past three years we have obtained, amassed and accumulated, vast stores of sincere appreciations, countless ingenuities and an infinite knowledge of technicalities; and further desiring that all of the aforesaid fortune shall pass and insure to the benefit and comfort of our heirs; we the class of nineteen thirty do hereby make, declare, publish and proclaim, this, to be our last will and testament, by virtue of which all former and preceding wills, which might have been made, declared and published by us at any time, shall be revoked and declared null and void and of no force nor vigor.

And now, we give, devise, bestow and bequeath all of our estate to the heirs, legaters and devisees; in the manner and order herein after specified; to wit:

CLAUSE A:

Catherine Baya will leave with *Marjorie Drew* her prescription for growing bobbed hair.

Sis Bess leaves her hair nets and bobby pins to *Rita Hilzim*.

Lil Bolt's accumulation of late leaves to *Marge O'Connell*.

Libby Baker's winning ways to *Jerry Shimp*.

Lasses Austin's soothing voice to *Janet Ritchards*.

Ray Abraham leaves her perfect carriage to *Elaine Coughlin*.

Virginia Cameron wills her chewing gum to *Kiddo Timmons*.

Sis Cockrell's boyish figure to *Theresa Saner*.

Thelma Cole's true brunette hair to *Irene Evans*.

Al Claiborne leaves her reducing diet with *Stella Copley*.

Mary Duff's conscientiousness to *Esther Barnett*.

Betty Evenson leaver her platonic friendship with a charming young lawyer to anyone who can enlist his interest.

Virginia Evenson leaves *Eleanor Evenson* and *Juliana Smith* to keep up the family reputation.

Fax Frazier's ability for making money for TAPS to *Elizabeth Bilosoly*.

Inez Funderburg's dignity to *Mabel Embery*.

Virginia Fouche's share in the Ford to *Miriam Madden*.

Kay Graham and *Page Wilder* leave their lovely auburn tresses to anyone who can afford the henna packs.

Mildred Grosjean's loquaciousness to *Grace Craft*.

Mary Jean Head's reputation of being the most popular dancer to *Dot Raby*.

Verlie Heimsath's love of music to *Nancy Sciortino*.

Anne Jones' vim, vigor and vitality to *Marian Holloway*.

Tony Hoskins' reputation as a contortionist to *Phoebe Crandall*.

Roe Karvi and *Virginia Williams*, like the Siamese twins, will never leave each other.

Ek Kaufman's extensive library of fiction to *Marian Kalkman*.

Anne Landgraff's enthusiasm to *Beulah Putman*.

TAPS 1930

Falice Marks' tailor-made Public Health outfit to Betty Mixon.
Mary Marshall's ability for making bedspreads to the seamstress of '31.
Ethel MacLean's intellect and common sense to Anne Hathaway.
Lucy Osgood leaves her curiosity to Mabel Stott.
Mary Palmer will leave all her telephone calls to Helen Duncan.
Lenore Parry's specialty—dancing ability to Sue Roudabush.
Kay Sagrario's love of art to Sara Shriner.
Eleanor Smith's collection of animals to Mary McKnight.
Nathalie Spencer's appetite to Geneva Dodson.
Libby Sites' nursing ability to Elizabeth Oechsler.
Estelle Strickler's contralto voice to Mary Nagle.
Catherine Ullom's collection of baby pillows to Jerry Baker.
Betty Wallace will leave the care of Kennie to a qualified child's nurse.
Anne Watson leaves her polo outfit to Betty Hall.
Anita Ulke's collection of antiques to Zenobia Baker.
A. F. Young's typewriter to 1930 TAPS—try and get it!
Grace Young leaves the sale of caps to whomever wishes to undertake the big proposition.
Mabel Sibley's curly locks to Mary Freney.
Mary Madden's extra long silk hose to Flossie Weaver.
Al Waggoner's serenity to Peg Chase.
Anne Savage's ability to speak fluently to Mildred Wagner.

CLAUSE B:

And lastly we leave 'OUR BOYS'—how we all shall miss them. Be good to them, they need and deserve your best.

Out of our untold knowledge of the truth and veracity of Brigadier General James M. Kennedy and First Lieutenant Mary W. Tobin and with the utmost confidence in them, to distribute justly in accordance with our aforesaid last wishes and desires, we, each and everyone of us, do hereby designate, nominate, and appoint the aforesaid, namely; Brigadier General James M. Kennedy, executor, and First Lieutenant Mary W. Tobin, executrix:—and further that each shall execute, without first having given bond or without having received the order of court.

And further: To this, the above, our last will and testament of the class of 1930, we each and everyone of us, do here by, in the presence of these subscribing witnesses, set our hands and affix our honorable seals, in this, the years of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty.

F. E. M. '30.

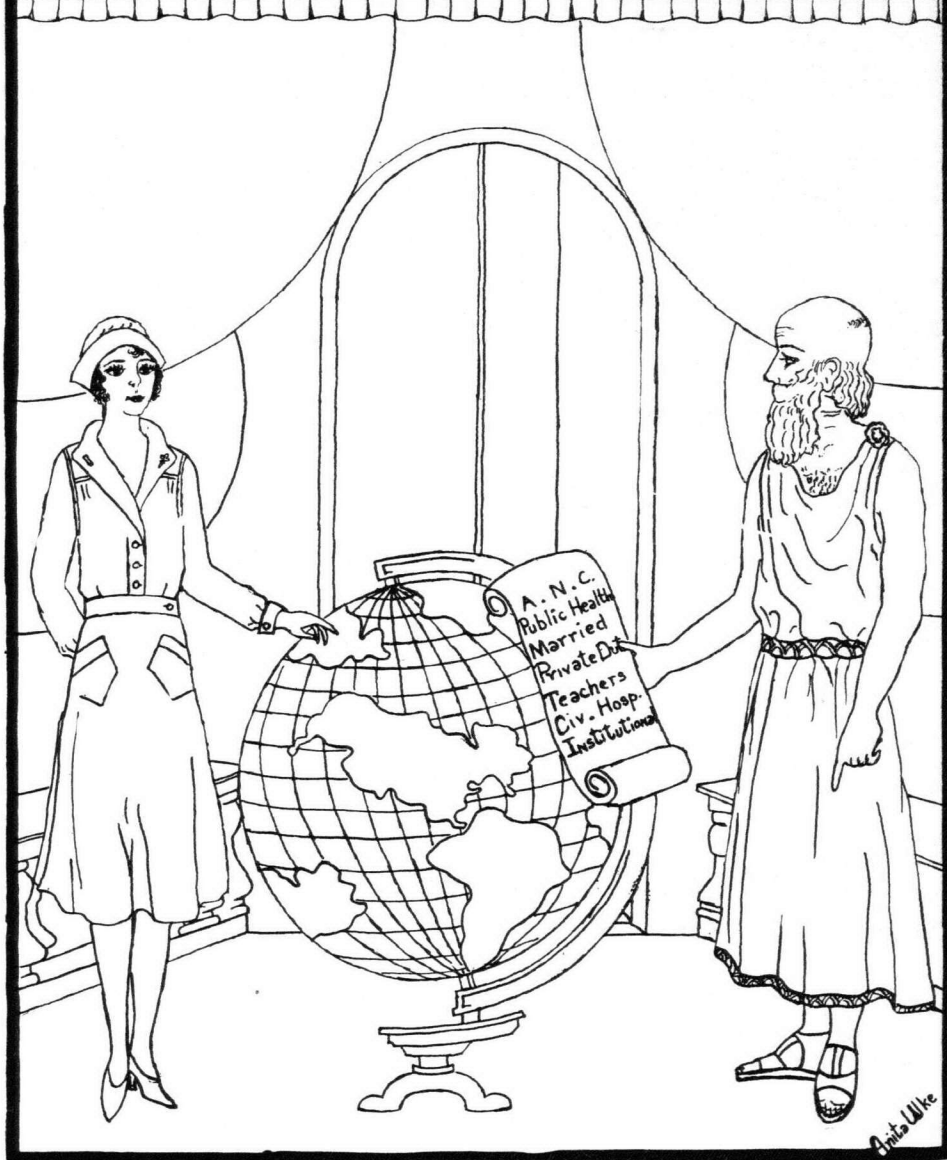
WITNESSES:

Second Lieut. Lila J. Olson.
Second Lieut. M. Genevieve Phillips.

Army School of Nursing

Anna Elizabeth Watson.	Marjorie Hoskins
Mary J. Head.	Thelma L. Cole
Falice Marks.	E. Elizabeth Sites.
Bettie Wallace	"Mary" J. Jaden
Beta Rice.	Sney Funderburg
Estelle Strickler.	Eleonor M. Smith
'Virginia Fausch'.	Elizabeth G. Gossion
Mary Luff	Rachel Abraham
Anne Savage	Alice & Usgood
Delia E. Hemmrich	Elizabeth Parker
Quinn McKee	Mildred A. Bosjan
Virginia Emerson	Alison H. Young
Virginia Cameron	Alice Claiborne
Anita Ulke	Grace E. Young
Mary Palmer	Nathalie H. Spencer
Ethel C. MacLean	Cathryn M. Sagrado
Mary Page Wilder	Cathryn D. Llam
Ann Jones	Mary M. Marshall
Laura Mary Barry	Alice C. Waggoner
Lillian W. Balt.	Aune K. Landgraff
Elizabeth Cretell	Catherine Baya
Elisabet Franier	Helen M. Graham
Mable C. Sibley	
Escher Kaufman	
Della Austin	

PROPHECIES



THE CLASS PROPHECY

May 30, 1933.

Dearest Estelle:—

You'll no doubt think I am out of my mind, but I must tell you the dream I had last night about our old Class of 1930.

I was arriving in Washington, thrilled in anticipation of seeing the dear old place again, and seeing or hearing news of our classmates. Three years of separation!

I went to the Hotel nearest the Station for the night, and imagine my surprise on being met by the Hostess,—Betty Wallace! After our greeting I learned that "Al" Waggoner is Chief Dietitian in the same Hotel, while Inez Funderburg, Verlie Heimsath and Thelma Cole all have apartments there, all three having gone into the Civil Service.

At noon the next day upon going downtown, whom should I see in the Earle Drug Store but "Lasses" Austin and "A. Y." Young,—of course I made a bee-line for their table. It was evident that they were with the I. V. N. S. They informed me of how hard they were working supervising the Army students. They also told me that "Sis" Cockrell, Sibley and Cathern Ullum were down in Kentucky doing work among the Mountaineers. Perhaps an occasional Revenue Officer keeps them entertained,—who knows?

Walter Reed seemed so beautiful,—you should have seen it. I met Lucy Osgood, though she is leaving soon to be married. Libby Sites was on night duty, so I didn't see her, but she is due to be transferred soon, and is going to the Philippines. Ann Landgraff hailed me as I was coming out of Quarters No. 1. She was certainly proud of her gold bar. Down in the Munitions Building, on the Staff of the A. N. C., was Alice Claiborne, directing the moves of her various classmates. With the transfer of several Supervisors from Walter Reed, Aurora Karvi and "Ginny" Williams had filled their places, but I didn't see them, as they were on leave in Virginia during my visit. They must be doing admirably well by Al's report. But what do you think? Kay Graham is now divorced, and has the position of housekeeper at the Nurses' Home, St. Elizabeth's, where she is administering affairs in accordance with ideas she formed during her stay there as a student. She told me that her old side-kick and moral support, Mary Page Wilder, is now safely settled on a farm in North Carolina, putting her Pediatrics to good use on her ever-growing family.

Then in my dream I sought "Sis" Bess. She was in Keyser, West Virginia, at her brothers' hospital, acting supervisor. "Eck" Kaufman was X-Ray technician!

Why my dream should have carried me next to New York I do not know, unless to see some more of the class. Anyway, "K" Sagrario and Lenor Parry had made the "Follies", and "Fax" Frazier and Ann Jones are foremost authorities on feminine apparel, and located on Fifth Avenue, if you please! "Ray" Abraham, "Libby" Baker and "Betty" Evenson, instead of joining the Army to see the world, are employed by the American Steamship Lines. What in the world do you suppose Virginia Evenson is doing? Living on Park Avenue, keeping a spinsters' establishment, without masculine assistance. How times do change! "Tony" Hoskins lives with her, and is employed by a scale and electric-reducing-machine company as a demonstrator.

"Micky" MacLean, out of all our forty-eight, has really made a name for herself. I heard her play in concert, and she held me spellbound. Her audience all seemed equally responsive.

TAPS 1930

My thoughts became diverted somehow,—maybe I turned over in my sleep,—and only a buzzing sound was heard. Then, "Golly," I heard someone say, "Heh?" and there is only one person in the world who can say it just that way,—Mary Madden. With her was Catharine Baya, both Chief Nurses on Lindbergh's Trans-Pacific Airship Lines.

Grace Young's voice was then heard. She was making a speech, campaigning the Eastern States for nurses for the various Child Welfare Associations, while "Nat" Spencer was her secretary and chaperone.

"Lil" Bolt and Mary Jeanne Head are both married. Virginia Fouche, after a fragrant romance, chose her help mate from the Army Medical Corps, as did Mildred Grosjean, who fortunately is stationed quite near her home, at Ft. Leavenworth. Virginia Cameron is married, too, and lives in California. Mary Palmer's weak spot for the Navy we all remember,—and she is married to a Lieutenant Commander, just now at the Asiatic Station. Somewhere in the Rockies, "Duffy" was hanging out her twin daughters' wash, having exchanged her brilliant future for the love of a Canadian Royal Mounted Policeman. She seemed divinely happy. Her one-time neighbor in Quarters 2, "Smitty", is doing a little charity work between her social engagements,—but then, "Smitty" was always known for her deeds of kindness.

I'm now wondering if I forgot anyone I saw,—it is so hard to remember every detail. I appreciated your newsy letter last month, and it was fine to hear about Ann Watson. She ought to make a good Executive Head of the American Nurses' Association. As for Anne Savage,—well, she is an adventurous, pioneering sort of person, and doubtless enjoys her assignment to South America.

By the way, one of Falice Mark's chain of Beauty Parlors opened this week in Cape May, but I haven't seen her yet. Mary Marshall was down to the shore this past weekend. She is doing Private Duty and certainly enjoys it, but she is going to be married.

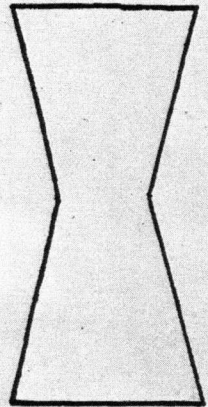
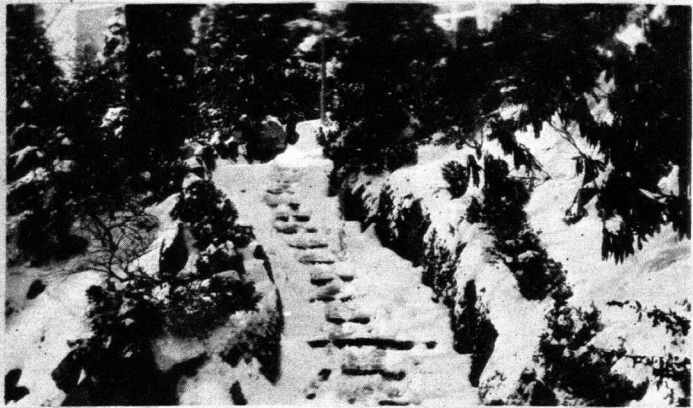
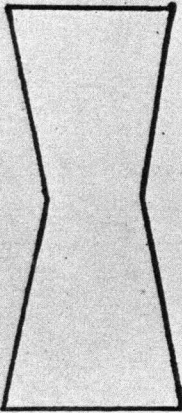
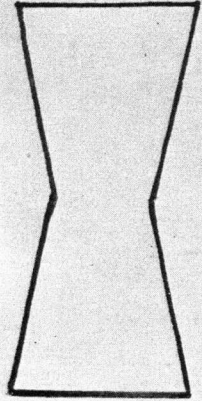
Do write whenever you find time. I enjoy your letters,—they bring back memories.

With love to you,

Always,

ANITA.





TAPS 1930

TAPS

*We might have roamed the wide world o'er,
And sought adventure far.
We might have moved in other spheres,
And trailed another star.
We might have done another work,
Or sought for worldly gain—
We might have basked in sunshine
And forgot it ever rained.*

*But we'd not have known our heart's desire,
And passed the cup of cheer.
We'd not have clasped the friendly hand
Stretched forth to greet us here.
We'd not have stilled the heartaches,
And learned to understand.
Nor heard the battle-cry of death,
And helped to stay his hand.*

*We'd not have seen the cherry-blooms,
Along the garden's way,
Nor known its charming beauty
On a cold and snowy day.
Nor would Old Glory's colors raised
At Reveille each dawn,
Have stirred us to achievement,
To begin the day with song.*

*And when the bugle blew Retreat
And another day was done,
We'd not have seen the colors fly
Across the setting sun.
And so when Taps is sounded
At the parting of the ways,
Our hearts shall muse on memories
Of wholesome, happy days.*

S. G. S., '32.



MISS LILLIAN CLAYTON, *Superintendent of Nurses,*
Philadelphia General Hospital.

PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL

THE EXCITEMENT of packing for our first affiliation! Remember what a time we had decided whether to go a la B. & O. or Pennsylvania? All was peaceful, and sticky, due to many varieties of candy and what not, when suddenly the baggage man appeared. He was certain that he was slowly dying, due to an A. S. N. trunk. We all went out—located the ether and duly dropped it into the Delaware! We hope the fish didn't get ether pneumonia!

They didn't expect us that evening so we just parked around anywhere. That first evening in the big dining room! All those strange caps, and we could have seconds on dessert! That night we were duly initiated to the sound of the famous Blockley Bell.

In the morning we moved to Army Alley—three in a room—pigeons outside—internes across the way (we had to be careful about the shades.) We didn't like our bathroom, so nightly there was an exodus of the "Army" to the new one, and "Singing In The Bathtub" had nothing on us!

Fairmont Park was lovely that spring; we always meant to visit the Zoo, but why waste 35c when the only regurgitating goose in captivity was in Blockley's own back yard?

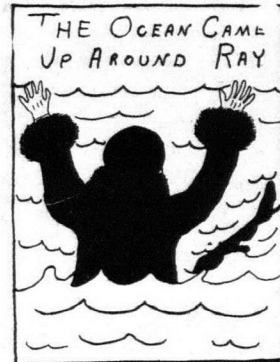
Can you ever forget Sophie Ringe's hot fudge sundaes, the Waffle Shop, the feeds we had in our rooms when we got a box from home or those Karo Syrup Specials we concocted? Speaking of nice things, weren't the Leonnards about the nicest folks that ever lived? We lived from Sunday to Sunday, hoping we would be among the lucky ones.

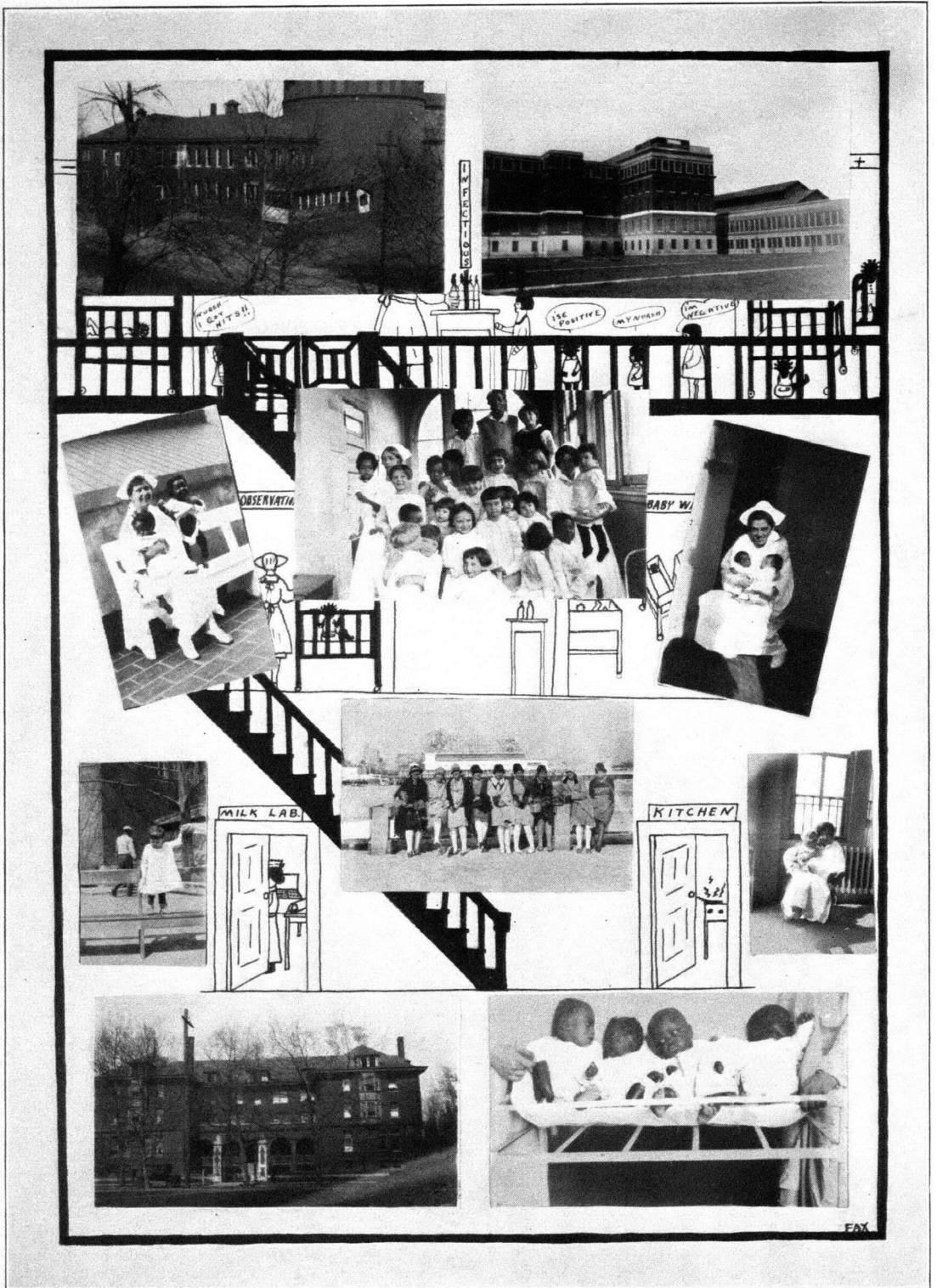
One day ten little nurses hired a "Drive-Ur-Self" Buick and went to Atlantic City. Words are inadequate to describe that trip. Winnie got us all home safely, by midnight, too!

I don't believe the housekeeper was very enthusiastic about Lady Reed affiliating there, and wasn't it funny the time they made Betty take the tetanus antitoxin?

Those steps in Old Kids when you had your crates of formulas, and that elevator—that-stuck in New Kids. Can protein milk be made without curdling? I wonder. Can't you hear the girls calling: "Ob-ser-vaaa-tion, Ba-by Ward," a pause then: "In-fec-tious".

Sixty-five





When I came back from Munie, a month after all of you had come home, Army Alley was deserted and quiet. For the first time in years there weren't any "Army Girls". I believe they really missed us; a lot of the Blockley girls told me they did. They said Children's could never have quite the same atmosphere and no matter who lived there it would be "Army Alley" till the last of the ones that knew us were gone.

How we used to hurry to get out of the dining room early at breakfast time, but sometimes we were late enough on Mondays to hear them sing:

"Our Alma Mater, dear Blockley, school of high aspirations,
To the bright gold and blue, we shall ever be true,
In the years that come and go.
Your high standards we'll treasure, and endeavor to measure.
All your aims and ambitions, dear old Blockley, our school."

We were in "Old Kids" for three weeks then we moved to the new hospital. What a job!

Observation! Just the word brings crowded memories of double frills galore, Koeplik Spots, liver, the pneumonia porch, potassium citrate and pickaninnies by the dozen.

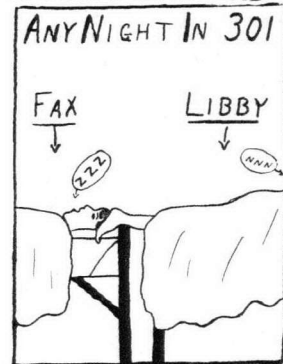
Baby Ward with its Premie Room, T. B. Porch, the Big Ward and various isolations. Who could ever forget Jimmy Stanley, Bobby Wilson or Carl Craig, to say nothing of the cart with its blue paper and those everlasting formulas q.l.h., p.r.n., s.o.s., f.o.b. and what have you?

Geraldine was a dear on Surgical, and how about Jo-Jo on Skin? (Reply was censored) "Bathing Babies" was the favorite indoor pastime of students on those wards for one never quite finished.

No place was quite like Infectious! Sounds of: "Nurse, I got nits!" or "Nursh, I'se neg-tive" and the terrible Stella: "My nurse, d'ja know I'm positive?" Treatments and showers—mealtime and bedtime—off to school and home again; it was always hectic but you were sure of plenty of laughs and the time went quickly. Mimmie was quite fetching in about a size ten dress. Sunshine would be naughty and then come up and say: "Nursh, I love oou." What should be done with a baby like that? We still sing:

"One, two, three, four, five, I have caught a fish
alive,....."

Sixty-seven





MISS ELSIE C. LAWLER, *Superintendent of Nurses,*
Johns Hopkins Hospital.

JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

JUNE 1, 1928—the first affiliation of the Army School of Nursing at the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children at Johns Hopkins Hospital. The Class of '30 was the first to affiliate there, although four of the Class of '29 were in the first group.

Feeling again as we did the first time we left our Mothers' apron strings, we left our dear old Walter Reed for three long months, in search of more knowledge,—Pediatrics!

Arriving at Hopkins, we were shown where we were to live. Later we were received by Miss Lawler, and then taken through the Wards. Some of the Class lived in the old Nurses' Home and Army Alley, while others lived in houses on Wolfe Street. Such times and fun the walls of those rooms could relate!

The Ward work began by a supervised feeding. One felt that the babies were strangling every swallow; one looked like a Christmas tree after feeding an older one spinach and beets when he had other ideas. Regular Ward work then began, patients assigned to each Student. Feeling that it could never be done, the work was started with the aim of finishing by nine o'clock.

"Helen Brooks! It is time for your bath. Get from under that bed! Here,—you mustn't crawl under the covers,—Heavens! she's at the foot of the bed! It is nine o'clock—hurry!" At last that is over!

Inspection of our work! Beds to make over! Rescrubbing of tables! Now hurry to the next duties,—treatments and feedings,—getting in and out of gowns! What is that funny odor? Quick to the Utility Room before those things are boiled to a crisp! Time for q.h. waters? "Why the crocodile terms, Jimmy? Wait! Wait just a minute!" How we all loved little Jimmy with his big tummy! Oh, a new patient is coming up! Another is due at the clinic! Has all the charting been done? Wiggling, crying, laughing, fuzzy-headed babies,—it was all so new and different, but soon we felt at home.

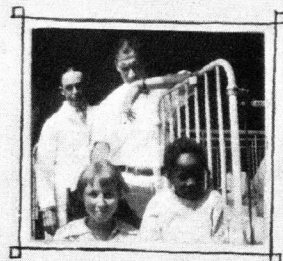
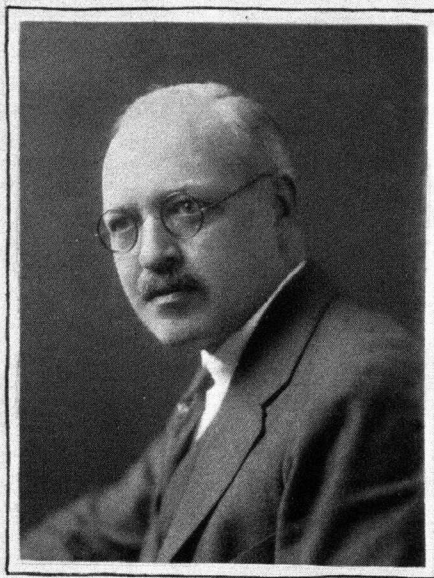
Night duty! Roll call at 10.50 P. M. Hurrying through corridors to relieve the 7-11 nurses. Rounds made with the Senior Nurses. Babies tucked in one more time, only to be awakened in another hour for q.h. water. Everything quiet, then a scream,—only to look out to find a man hanged in a window of Phipps, the Psychiatric Clinic next to Harriet Lane. A little later a trip through dark corridors with the night supervisor,—to the Morgue. 4 A. M. and time to start breakfast,—breakfast served,—dishes gathered up and supplies put away,—the Ward cleaned up! 7 A. M. to bed, and what a wonderful feeling!

Milk Room and Dispensary were a change from Ward Duty and all of us enjoyed it.

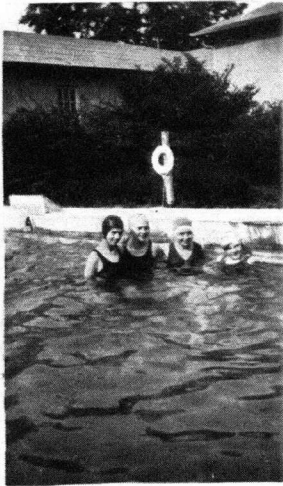
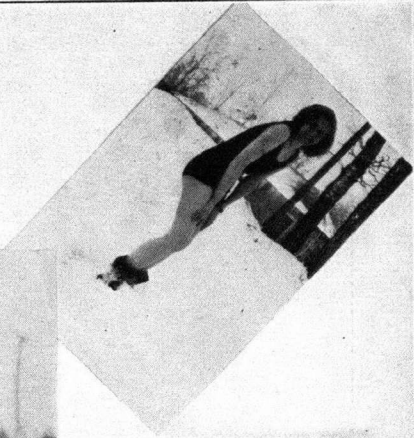
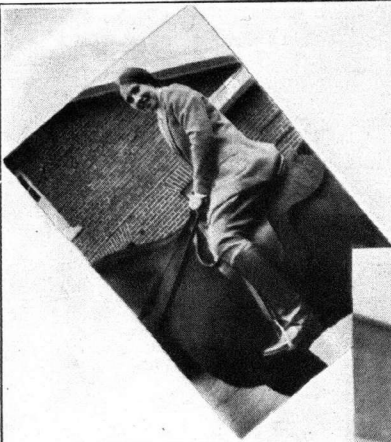
Off-duty hours were spent in numerous ways. Tennis,—playing or watching the Doctors' games,—walks through Phipps Garden, Leo's, the State, just a block away, trips into town, and jaunts to Bay Shore and Sparrows Point for dips in the Bay, during the hot Summer days. Friends were found among the Hopkins girls and the other affiliates, but the Army girls hung together.

We shall always shudder to think of evening duty, 7-11; q.h. waters, night duty,—then on second thought we are glad to have had it all, the opportunity for receiving such experience and technique.

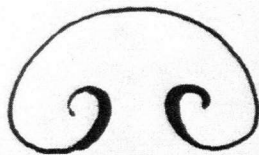
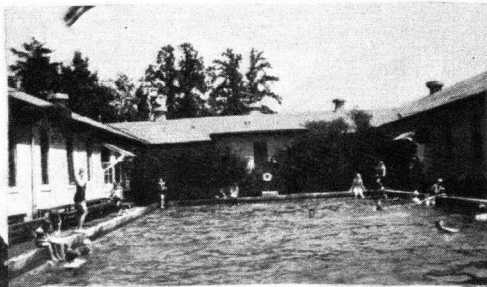
M. D.



Off Duty.

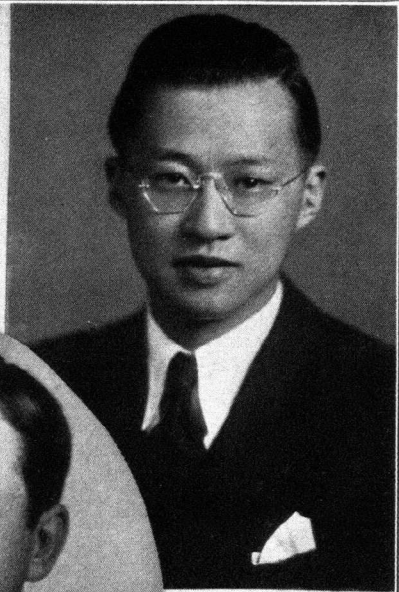


Miss Tobin and Messina.





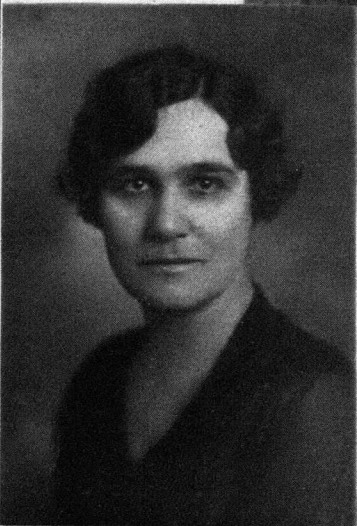
Dr. Lind



Dr. Fong



Dr. Lewis



Miss Haydon



Miss Young

ST. ELIZABETH'S

An Ex-Affiliate advises her Successor

(From the original papyrus recently unearthed from the debris in the Annual Office.)

H EBEPHRENIA unto Catatonia, upon a very high point of land jutting out into the River Potomac:

"Lend me your ear, O my Catatonia, while I instruct you concerning many things that pertain to the territory wherein you now find yourself. Indeed I am sorely grieved to thus behold you in complete disorientation; albeit you are but newly come from the western limit of that great city which spreads out below us in panorama. Here we are as in a separate city, circumvented by a very high wall in which are three gates for entrance, and, the gods willing, for exit also. It will be well with you, O my Catatonia, if you guard carefully your ways, and it behooves you to be exceedingly careful of your unconscious. For of all the inhabitants of our republic, they in this vicinity are the most deeply versed in the arts and methods of psychoanalysis.

And how came it about that no rumor was brought to you concerning Sigmund Freud? O most ignorant maiden! From that fact it is easy to be seen that certain natural barriers have cut you off from the concourse of great minds; and you have had no access to the complexes and repressions of our civilization. For the Freudians have hastened hither and thither, sending couriers unto the ulterior parts of the continent, and some even have made so bold as to cross over the Potomac and penetrate into the land which slopes from thence southward. As yet, no report has been brought informing you that, according to Freud, sex is absolutely necessary! Nor of this fact neither, that Jung is the proud father of the Inferiority complex.

Now, of all the complexes within our knowledge, that of Eodipus and that of Electra are by far the most commonly spoken of. The former was brought about by a youth unduly attached to the apron-strings of the family, the latter by a maiden unduly attached to the purse strings of the family. These attachments are known also in our language as fixations, Eodipus having a to-mater fixation, Electra a to-pater fixation. Et Cetera, reductio ad absurdum, O tempora, O mores Hispaniae!

But let me now make an end of speaking, for the sun, which ambitiously arose at the first light, will in a short time disappear behind the embankments of another camp.

In the interim, O my Catatonia, gird your waist with the chain of your keys. And let me not ever see it around your neck, lest an irresponsible one should happen upon you by chance, and finish you by strangulation, either imagining you his wife or seeing in you a likeness to his mother-in-law.

Now let us depart hence toward the Cafeteria for I call into memory a multitude of beefsteaks, unsurpassed by any, and an unlimited number of olives! Gird then your chain about your waist—loosely!

A. M. J.

Army School of Nursing

A MESSAGE FROM MRS. BRUCE



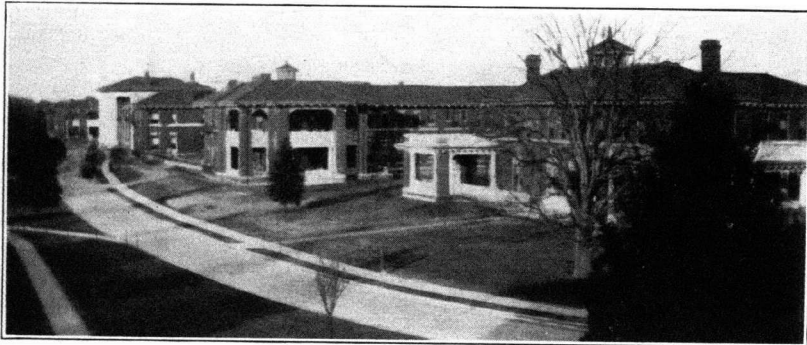
EVERY three months has a tinge of sadness for me as well as a great deal of pleasure and anticipation, for it means the losing of our little Army band which I have learned to love, in exchange for another, to stay three months in affiliation with this Hospital.

They are so jolly, sympathetic, kind and generous, with lovely dispositions, witty and lively wherever they happen to be. St. Elizabeth's Nursing School cannot say too much for the Army, as it has given us one we love and admire more each day, our Superintendent of Nurses, Miss Edith M. Haydon, also her Assistant, Miss Young.

So come on, little Army band, I'll always be ready with open arms to receive you.

With love,

FANNIE BRUCE, *Acting Matron*
Nurses' Home, St. Elizabeth's Hospital





PROBIE DAYS



OUR ELEVEN





MISS GERTRUDE BOWLING, *Director,*
Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society.

PUBLIC HEALTH

WHEN we were Probies, all sorts of ideas filled our heads as to just what this affiliation held in store for us. And now our curiosity has been satisfied.

After being at Walter Reed for two years we had come to our last affiliation. That first day!—the long ride to the Star Building, trying on of coats and hats, the choosing of our District, and then our first actual experience in the field with a Public Health Staff Nurse!

Just how did they remember where the alcohol bottle, the soft soap, the thermometer, the paper napkins, the towels, and so forth and so forth came from, and how did they all fit into that little 2x4 black bag, supposed to weigh only seven and a half pounds? Miraculously, they did, as we found out next day.

Then, after we had mastered our "bag technique" what a brave face we wore starting out on our first day alone! Our spirit of adventure and love of the unusual was certainly to be satisfied, and after feeling one's way up and stumbling on dark stairways one whole day we felt eligible for almost any organization of sleuths.

Friday afternoon excursions were always a diversion, and what interesting places we went! And afternoon classes, not only stimulating and provocative of argument, but what a rest to the tired feet that had tramped District all morning, but hadn't yet become used to it. We shall always remember affiliations from Public Health, when we wore civilian clothes to do our work, and felt like a lady and a Social Worker!

Who hasn't heard Gin's story? How she took three different busses, each time returning to her original starting point, but eventually getting the right transfer, riding as far as the line went. But to her bewilderment, she discovered that her client lived somewhere in a cornfield, or on a hill. Of course the hill was tried first, but to no avail. The cornfield being next in order, it proved more profitable. Gin arrived home, well,—sometime, but who can say that Gin doesn't get her man?

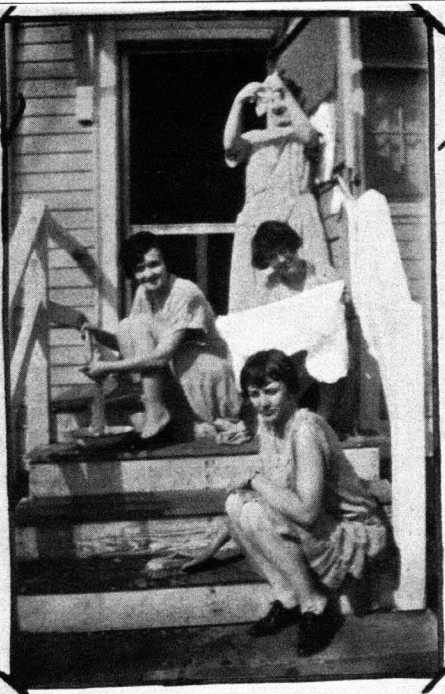
C. E. B.





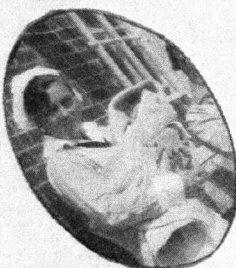
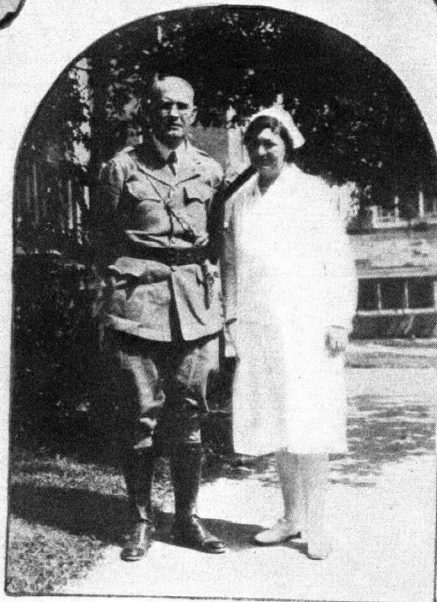
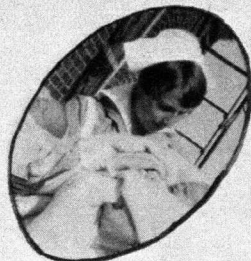
Miss Mary Connor
Educational Supervisor





Old Days in Quarters Three .





21



21

TAPS 1930

WARD 21

GUR-R-RL, you're wonderful!" There is just one question we want answered before we leave: "What is 21 going to be when Major Lehman has gone?" The class of 1930 was the first entire class to have its Obstetrics at Walter Reed, and thank goodness we all got through before Major Lehman was transferred!

Twenty-one is many things beside the Obstetrical Service. For one thing, it is the water-tight excuse,—“on call to 21”—and that “call” lasts three months. Anything and everything can be sidestepped for the evenings of that time,—not only can, but must.

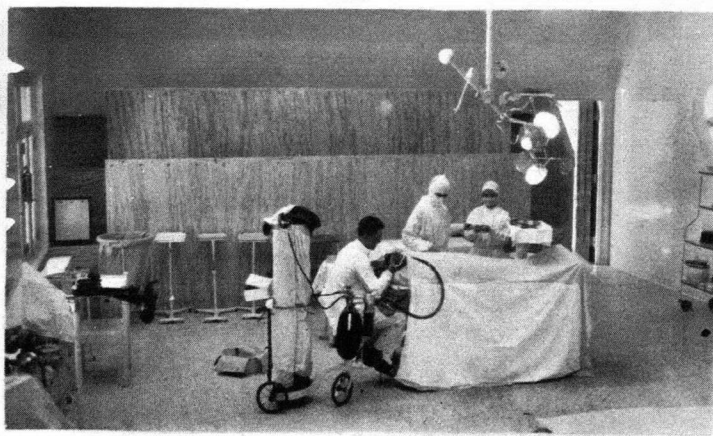
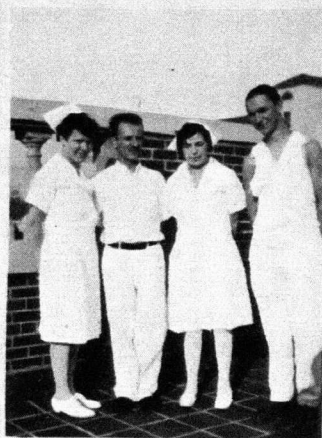
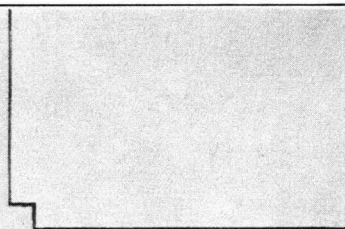
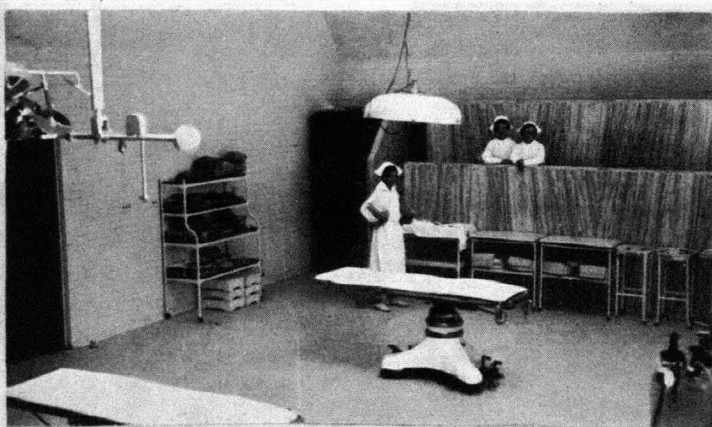
It is also the happiest, most informal service on the Post, and no one concerned is really sick. We learned a lot,—or thought we did,—about the psychology of early parenthood. Some of it comes under “Grandiose Delusions”, and a lot of it under “Situation Psychoses.” But the complete non-repression of our resistive little charges in the Nursery was the real revelation,—that and their individuality. Don’t ever believe that a Mother doesn’t know her child from all the rest,—its been tried.

Whole days we spent making supplies, down in the Utility Room, days when we talked sixteen to the dozen all our time on duty, with never a long breath. And who could forget Duffy’s doll? It was made of a suture pad, a sponge, and a 4x4, with a face painted in mercurochrome! Yet the covers vanished into the big bag, filled, in spite of all the sociable hours.

Before we leave the subject of 21, we want to give special mention to the young lady on night duty at the time, who, on going upstairs with a tray of nourishments, fell up with twenty-four glasses of chocolate malted milk be-showering her. She broke every glass but one. We want to congratulate her on that one glass, but in the same breath hope that life won’t always give her such a deal.

But take heart, all you who are leaving your time in 21,—for Public Health awaits you in another year, with dozens more of little babies to care for, and loads of doting mothers.





"THE G. O. R."

THE roster is up,—one listens and hears, "Oh, I'm scared to death! I go to the O. R. tomorrow!"

Then morning comes, as mornings have a habit of doing, and the thrill of a life-time begins. Big white room, gray observation benches for the onlookers, huge lights to be adjusted to any needed angle, tables and glass shelves covered with instruments and sterile goods,—the whole aspect is one to awe the beginner.

Nurses scrub, tables are set up with gauze, needles, instruments and what-have-you, and all is accomplished so quietly.

At nine o'clock comes the rush,—doctors with heads and faces covered by caps, gowns tied, gloves put on and patients "prepped" with "two iodines,—four alcohols,—one dry, please." They are ready once more.

All that is heard is the occasional crunch of a glass tube in the jaws of a bulldog,—"sponges please",—and you jump back as a hand is thrown out to release a soiled piece of gauze, which though now much changed you recognize as one of the 4's or 9's you so painstakingly made day after day. You sigh, and then Colonel Keller's voice breaks in on your musing, "Will you wipe my face, please, Miss?"—"Hold the light over the incision." A mad scramble for hot water when a voice says, "Hot flush, please."

Through all this you occasionally hear a muffled voice saying, "Blood pressure 110 over 68, pulse 120." Later this voice is identified as that of Miss Flewwelling, who is buried under a sheet, administering the anaesthetic. We often wonder that she doesn't succumb to her own medicine!

But speaking of finding someone, Miss Thompson is first here, then there, and everywhere at the same instant.—

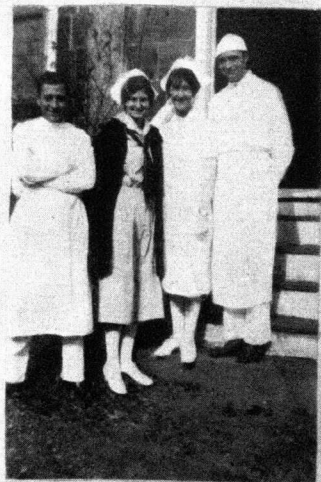
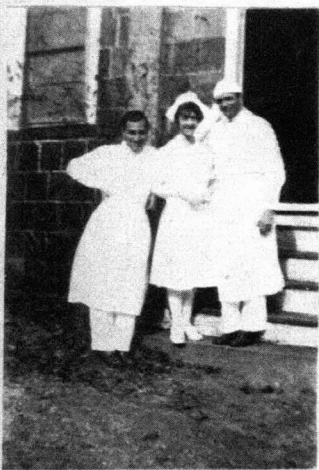
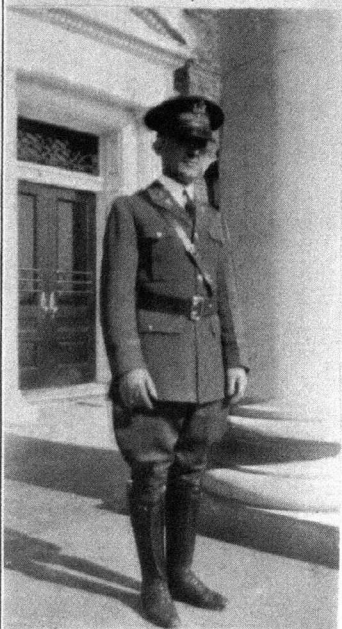
"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

Operations over, instruments scrubbed, saline filtered,—tired girls leave the inspiring scene,—a new heaven where Colonel Keller is God—and go home, while the ones on call pray for all the sick and suffering, "Give them a safe night's sleep in their own beds."

M. E. H.



Colonel Keller



TAPS 1930

E. N. T. CLINIC

*The Clinic, the E. N. T. Clinic,
This service, the best on the Post
From 7:30 'till 4 P. M.
The excitement is at it's most.*

*Fill the sterilizers and dust
The instrument tables with care,
And make up solutions for spraying
The throats that are sore from the snare.*

*Then comes the patient from 136,
To start on his journey of dreams;
The nurses are scrubbed, the racks set up,
And in walks the surgeon and screams — —*

*"You send him in and I'll send him out!"
So the wheel-liter rolls down the hall,
And the nurse threads sponges and sutures,
In order t'assist with it all.*

*"Now open your mouth and relax"
Major Schlanser is heard to say,
And the patient, half frightened at every move,
Complies in his nervous way.*

*We have learned the meaning of mastoid,
Laryngotomy, submucous,—all!
But the greatest of these is technique—
From which we are all apt to fall.*

*Now we'll say adieu to the clinic,
And Miss Samples the queen of the staff,
For all of our time there was pleasant,
And this doesn't tell it by half.*

A. K. L.



DIET KITCHEN

A NOTICE, without a word of warning, will someday appear on the Bulletin Board, reading, "Miss —, please report to serve breakfast on Ward —." This serves as your introduction to the Diet Kitchen. There'll be a sick feeling in the region of your solar plexus, brought on by the fear the Supervisors may have been under the impression that all the students had a moderate knowledge and ability in the Domestic Arts. There's a tendency to reflect on the aid you rendered in these arts during your growing years,—which amounted to almost nil, aside from drying a few dinner dishes on Sunday evenings.

If camping days, when you gladly did anything but cook, could be lived over again, you'd assume the title of chef, with all its burns,—both personal and to the food,—just to get the fundamentals to "serve breakfast on Ward—" in the morning.

But life has called a halt on your ignorance and unwillingness. There is the notice! Then Pride does something wonderful for you. You decide to assume the role of experience and skill, for self-protection, anyhow till those trays are out.

All the details, including setting the alarm clock, are done the night before, because dashing out when the stars are still bright needs preparation.

On walking into the kitchen, it is well to speak, but speak just moderately pleasantly, to the K. P. To indicate that you know to speak is the thing to do, but most important is to get those trays served, and served perfectly. Your first happiness will come when you realize that the kitchen force has been serving trays so long and so well that all the mighty influence you came prepared (or unprepared) to exert will not be necessary. If you will keep out of the way as much as possible and save all questions you have in mind until after the trays are out, that will help some.

Making rounds will not prove as embarrassing as you feared, as the patients are usually considerate, your first day, and will say nothing worse than a few suggestions to the best way to get the soft but still cooked. They seem to understand.

Your breakfast after seven, with the others from the Diet Kitchen, offers a deviation before going to the Main Kitchen. Low Carbohydrates, Diabetics, Reducers, Low Fat Diets,—all so far out of your usual train of thought that there's a confusion as to where to begin the next morning. A brief moment to go for your mail is usually managed before going on the Ward to serve lunch. Another round trip for supper will offer a portion of the desired walking exercise for those who have a tendency to plumpness.

Six weeks of this routine equips you with an assurance, and ingenuity to substitute and dilute, to the point where everything moves smoothly,—until there'll be an actual fondness for the Diet Kitchen. A thought will perhaps arise that you could have gone on and studied to be a Dietitian and liked it,—instead of a Nurse. Yes, . . . just perhaps.

A. M. S.

Army School of Nursing



MISS CARRIE E. DUNN

Second Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps

FOR eight years Miss Dunn was our Night Supervisor, and all of our class were "started" on night duty under her kindly tutelage.

It is nearly two years now since she was transferred to West Point, yet in our memories of her she has somehow become a part of the very spirit of night duty. When ever do we serve a night without the consciousness of her silent approach, her calm and gentle presence, her confidence in us, and the courage she lent the most timid, the most duty-conscious? And who will forget her competent grasp and management of all the night-business?

All the other night-nurses,— what have they to sustain them, who never knew Miss Dunn?

Eighty-eight

NIGHT DUTY

ROUTINE

*This is a month I have dropped out of life.
Now with the technique of the noiseless hours,
I listen for the restless creak of springs,
And fly on silent feet to signal-lights,
With water, or with hypodermic's boon,
Or any of the million other things.
While life goes on without me, and my days
Pass in a prayer for sleep, for cool, for rain!
And I become attuned to silences,
To whispered conferences, quiet steps,
To cautious ministrations in the dark.
The careful scratch of pen upon reports,
A little time to read or knit or sew,
The only company,—or dissipation!—
The seldom round of Doctors through the night.
Or steal a moment from the Office-work,
And in an Eastern window dazzled lean,
Drawing deep breaths of morning river-breeze,
Watching the dawn bring on another day.*

THE OLD PATIENT

*Patient indeed her title, for her days
Spent in immobile waiting in a frame,
Setting a fracture. Many hours she lies,
Weary and sleepless, staring at the night.
At half-past two there flashed her signal-light,
"Please, dear, my fan,—I dropped it, and I'm warm."
I stooped and got the fan . . . and understood.
And stayed a long while, just brushing her hair,
And listened while she talked about her son,—
Shielding her loneliness as best I could.*

SONNET

*I try to keep my mind off my clothes-press.
Did ever any girl live so forlorn,
To have two evening dresses never worn,
And for the coming month no chance to dress?
Its hard enough about the sunny one,—
Its crystal buckles and its golden shoes,—
It hangs more limply every night I lose,—
Never a party till the month is done!
But its the other one I yearn to wear—
The first pink dress I've had since I was grown,
Hanging unchristened, slippers of its own,
That never danced a step. While nights so fair
Come only once a year,—and youth so swift!
Fleeting the hours to wear pink dresses,—wasteful to let one drift!*

M. P. W.



General Kennedy, Miss Tobin and the Graduating Class of 1929.

INTERMEDIATES





Class of 1931

TAPS 1930

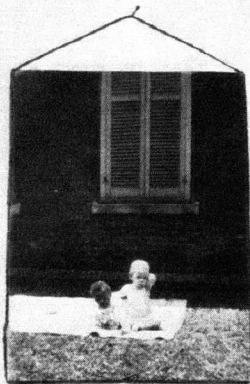
ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1931

Zenobia A. Baker.....	Louisburg, North Carolina
Eleanor L. Booth.....	Burlington, Vermont
Elaine Coughlin.....	Swampscott, Mass.
Marjorie Drew.....	Live Oak, Florida
Irene C. Evans.....	Plainfield, Conn.
Elizabeth G. Hall.....	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Marion Holloway.....	Portsmouth, Virginia
Dorothy M. McCarty.....	Washington, D. C.
Mary M. McKnight.....	Baltimore, Maryland
Miriam W. Madden.....	Manhattan, New York
Esther E. Barnett.....	Edwardsville, Illinois
Frances J. Bernasek.....	Edwardsville, Illinois
Elizabeth L. Bilisoly.....	Washington, D. C.
Daisy V. Boley.....	Roanoke, Virginia
Naomi Bryan.....	Columbus, New Jersey
Margaret McL. Chase.....	Fort Crook, Nebraska
Stella E. Copley.....	Scottdale, Pennsylvania
Grace M. Craft.....	Grass Lake, Michigan
Genevieve E. Daley.....	Casanovia, New York
Mabel Embery.....	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Gertude J. Emmons.....	Lowell, Massachusetts
Mary A. Freney.....	South Manchester, Connecticut
Bernice Hathaway.....	Decatur, Illinois
Percy E. Hilzim.....	Natchez, Mississippi
Marion E. Kalkman.....	Newport, Rhode Island
Virginia Monroe.....	Purcellville, Virginia
Mary E. Nagle.....	Allentown, Pennsylvania
Beulah M. Putnam.....	Worthington, Ohio
Janet M. Ritchards.....	Scottdale, Pennsylvania
Mabel E. Robertson.....	Florida City, Florida
Mary S. Roudabush.....	Staunton, Virginia
Theresa C. Saner.....	Fort H. G. Wright, New York
Geraldine B. Shimp.....	Reamstown, Pennsylvania
Hannah M. Snyder.....	Shamokin, Pennsylvania
Anne K. Timmons.....	Birmingham, Alabama
Mildred Vaughan.....	Waynesboro, Georgia
Mildred H. Wagner.....	Lenoir, North Carolina
Florence M. Weaver.....	Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania
Arlene Wilson.....	Washington, Indiana
Myrtle L. Winnes.....	Portland, North Dakota

PICTURE



19



GALLERY



31



TAPS 1930

CLINICAL RECORD

CLASS OF 1931

NAME: Class of 1931

AGE: 20 months

PLACE OF BIRTH: Anywhere in the world

SOURCE OF ADMISSION: Command

DATE OF ADMISSION: Oct. 1, 1928

PERMANENT ADDRESS:

Army School of Nursing

Walter Reed Hospital,

Washington, D. C.

DISPOSITION: Admitted to Army School of Nursing for Instruction

FINAL DIAGNOSIS: (1) Observation for Acute Nurso-Mania,

Generalized, moderately severe.

Found condition unchanged at present.

FAMILY AND PERSONAL HISTORY

FORMER OCCUPATION: Ex-students, stenogs, school ma'ams, physicaled instructors, globe-trotters, etc.

TROPICAL SERVICE: Marion Goodwin the first white child born in the Philippines.

HABITS: 2 Inveterate licorice "shoe-string" chewers.

5 salted peanut hounds

11 Greasy Spoon habitues

PREVIOUS PERSONAL HISTORY: Not must of a past, but a great future.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS AND OTHER CASUALTIES: Anne Hathaway, only Chicagoan in class, denies.

HISTORY OF PRESENT DISEASE

Date and mode of onset; probable cause; evolution and course to admission:

In some members of the class the symptoms appeared early in life with the classical Florence Nightingale syndrome, characterized by bandaging dolls and stray puppies. Pure cussedness and determination to "be a nurse when I grow up" brought on the final stages of the disease which were in evidence on admission to WRGH.

Other cases show no early tendency to the disease. There was a complete absence of prodromal symptoms. The onset was abrupt, characterized by a sudden interest in nursing, rapid decision to enter the Army School of Nursing, perusal of Washington time-tables, and a swift packing of trunks. Whether or not the glamour of the Army life was an influence has not yet been determined.

Some cases were found to have B. Idealis in large numbers in the brain fluid. B. Idealis in these cases was of the type which when grown in pure culture showed the familiar tendencies to "do some good in the world", relieve suffering humanity, etc., etc.

In all cases, the symptoms were so aggravated that admission to WRGH was deemed advisable by the Medical Examining Board, for further study and treatment.

Army School of Nursing

SUBJECTIVE SYMPTOMS:

CONDITION ON ADMISSION: The members of the Class of 1931 were admitted to this Hospital from all parts of the country arriving by every means of transportation contrived by the ingenuity of man. The patients appeared slightly appalled by the vast number of Army rules and regulations to which they were expected to conform, but were tractable and co-operated well. They were seen by the Commandant of the School and assigned to Quarters 3. Their general physical condition was good and they were suffering from no complaints other than those previously mentioned.

OBJECTIVE SYMPTOMS:

CONDITION ON ADMISSION: Slightly dazed.
WEIGHT: Average 130 lbs.
GENERAL CONDITION: Excellent.
SPECIAL SENSES: Eye for style.
 Ear for jazz.
 Nose for good food.
SKIN: Woodbury, Ponds and Palmolive partisans about break even.
GLANDULAR SYSTEM: Fanny Brice operation as yet unnecessary.
BLOOD PRESSURE: Strong and steady.
HEART: In the right place.
LUNGS AND VOCAL ORGANS: The despair of every night nurse.
STOMACH: No trouble in assimilating Army chow.
NERVOUS SYSTEM: Tough.
MUSCLES AND JOINTS: Supple.
DIAGNOSIS OF WARD SURGEON: Acute nurso-mania, generalized.

PROGRESS

Oct. 1, 1928	We enter.
Nov. 7	We blossom out in uniform.
Nov. 12	Innocations begin. Schick vs. Dick followed by MgSO_4 , 45 c.c.
Dec. 25	Our first day on the wards, and the first Christmas, for many of us, away from home.
Feb. 1, 1929	Capped and teaed by the Faculty.
Feb. 26	Our first general inspection on the the Wards. We brighten the corners where we are.
March 1	We resign our position as the "youngest" to the new Proby Class.
May 1	Classes over—Night duty.
June 1	Hopkins exodus begins.
August 1	Leave.
Oct. 1	Back on the Wards and in the Classroom. We buckle down to hard work.
Nov. 15	We take unto ourselves Little Sisters for to guide and to cherish.
Dec. 25,	Second Christmas at Walter Reed. Lots of snow.
Jan. 1, 1930	The third Proby class after us enters. We feel like survivors of the Stone Age.
March 15	TAPS, 1930, goes to press, and we begin our period of literary science until we blossom into print for our own.

MARIAN KALKMAN, '31.



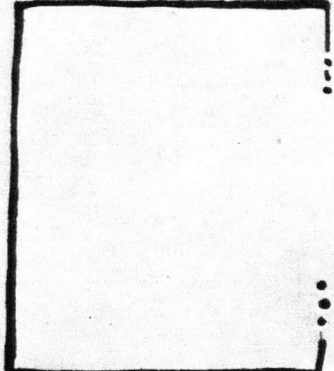
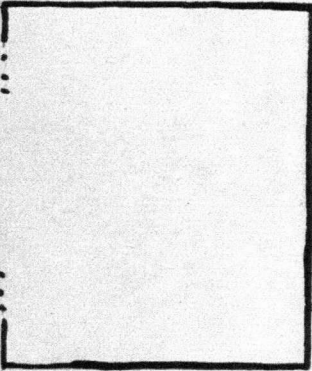
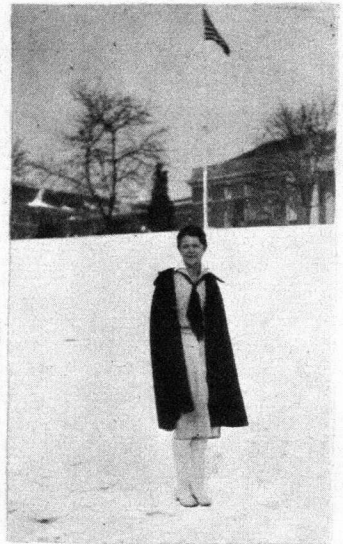
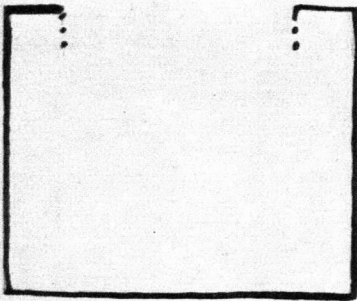


The Class of 1932.

TAPS 1930

ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1932

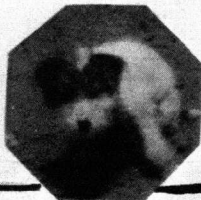
Geraldine Baker	Latrobe, Pennsylvania
Louise Bare	Staunton, Virginia
Onnie Blakeley	Laurens, South Carolina
Geneva Dodson	Manasses, Virginia
Dorothy Dungan	St. Clairsville, Ohio
Helen Duncan	Canton, Ohio
Mary Foster	Blanche, North Carolina
Jennie Holm	St. Ignace, Michigan
Beatrice Hoyt	Newton, Massachusetts
Virginia Kline	Summont, New York
Evelyn Lovett	Stephens City, Virginia
Dorothy Mabry	Hampton, Virginia
Katherine McKnight	Greenville, South Carolina
Elizabeth Mixon	Williston, Florida
Nelle Murray	Jonesboro, Tennessee
Evangeline Poyet	Sheffield, Alabama
Dorothy Raby	Washington, D. C.
Ava Randle	Olean, New York
Sara Shriner	Riverside, New Jersey
Mary Vetter	Grant, Iowa
Elizabeth Wonser	Granton, Wisconsin
Greta Askman	Beverly, Massachusetts
Mildred O. Chapman	Clifton Forge, Virginia
Elizabeth Deahl	Newburg, West Virginia
Helen F. Duke	Norwood, North Carolina
Dorothy S. Dunham	Neenah, Wisconsin
Mildred M. Eckert	Freeland, Pennsylvania
Ann Elrick	Frostburg, Maryland
Elinor Evenson	Sparta, Wisconsin
Elizabeth Farrell	Moundsville, West Virginia
Maytylle Gerson	Frostburg, Maryland
Marian Ginder	Columbia City, Indiana
Frances C. Gunn	Augusta, Georgia
Clara G. Hanson	Barron, Wisconsin
Malisse Z. Hensley	Hoadly, Virginia
Glendora L. Herriott	Romney, West Virginia
Veronica F. Kosco	St. Mary's Pennsylvania
Hazel B. Kreider	Hyattsville, Maryland
Lois Lane	Lynn, Massachusetts
Julia K. Lane	Riverton, New Jersey
Harriet G. Lee	Great Barrington, Massachusetts
Josephine E. Morrissey	Bennington, Vermont
Pansy V. Murphy	Leaksville, North Carolina
Margaret M. O'Toole	Scottdale, Pennsylvania
Cora E. Pike	Augusta, Maine
Nancy Sciortino	Bridgeport, Connecticut
Ruth A. Singleton	Vienna, Virginia
Julianna J. Smith	Sparta, Wisconsin
Retta Stallings	Zebulon, North Carolina
Kathryn L. Stevens	Cape May, New Jersey
Ruth J. Stiles	Waterbury, Connecticut
Reba E. Turley	Leesburg, Virginia
Naomi S. Waddell	Marion, Ohio
Helen Waugh	Columbia City, Indiana
Mildred V. Wyne	Clifton Forge, Virginia
Esther S. Zehner	Frostburg, Maryland
Marie C. Zeller	Portland, Maine
Melba M. Zirkle	South Hill, Virginia



THE
NewComers
IN
Quarters Three



[PROBIES



1932]



Walter Reed Hospital,
Army School of Nursing.

Dear Big Sisters:—

We feel that Walter Reed has given us many wonderful gifts and privileges, but we are sure the greatest was—when your Class adopted us for Little Sisters.

We are truly grateful for all you have done for us since we have been here,—the many times you have helped us over the rough road, and the kind words when meeting, all of which made us love not only you, but Walter Reed and the Nursing world in general.

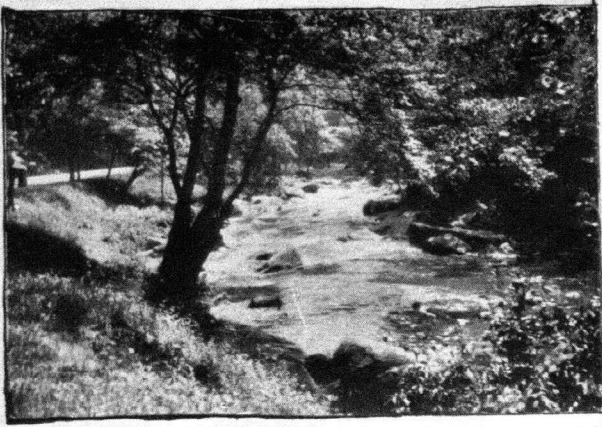
“Good-bye” is such a difficult word; we are going to say “au Revoir”, knowing that even though you are leaving us you have given us a splendid pattern to follow, and we shall endeavor to carry it out each day, by doing our work in such a manner that when we graduate you will be just as proud of your Little Sisters as we are of our Big Sisters now,

Your,

LITTLE SISTERS.

E. P. '32.

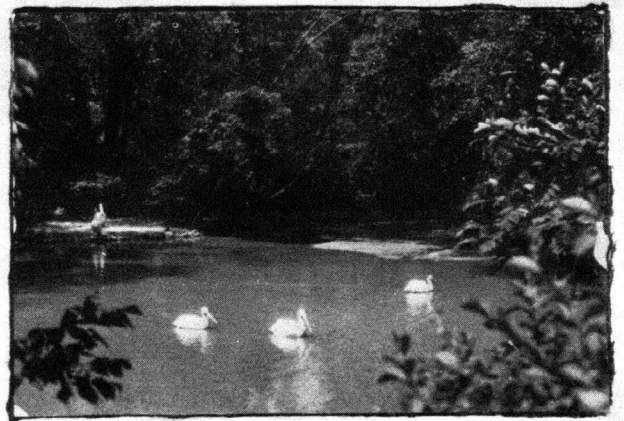




Rock Creek Park



Scene of
Alumnae Picnic
and
Junior - Senior Breakfast.





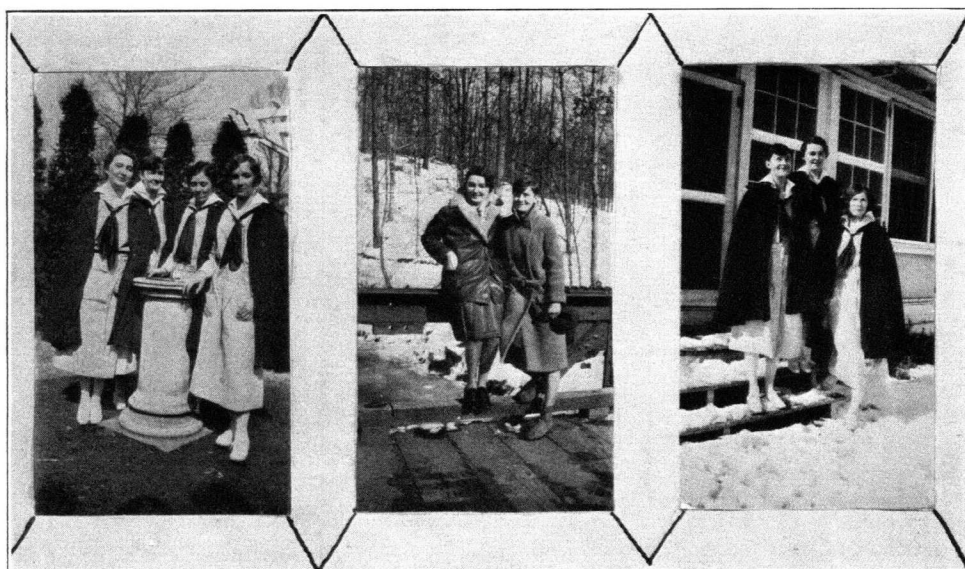


The Class of 1933.

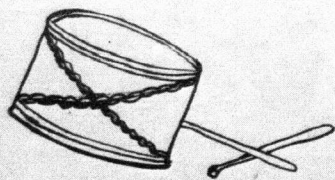
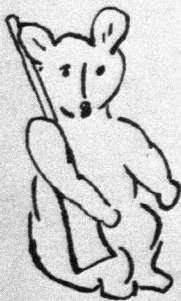
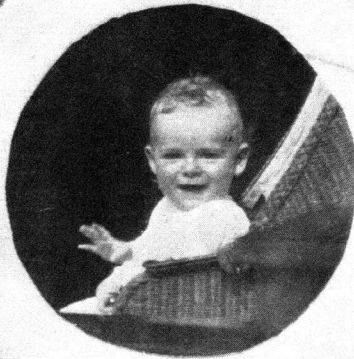
TAPS 1930

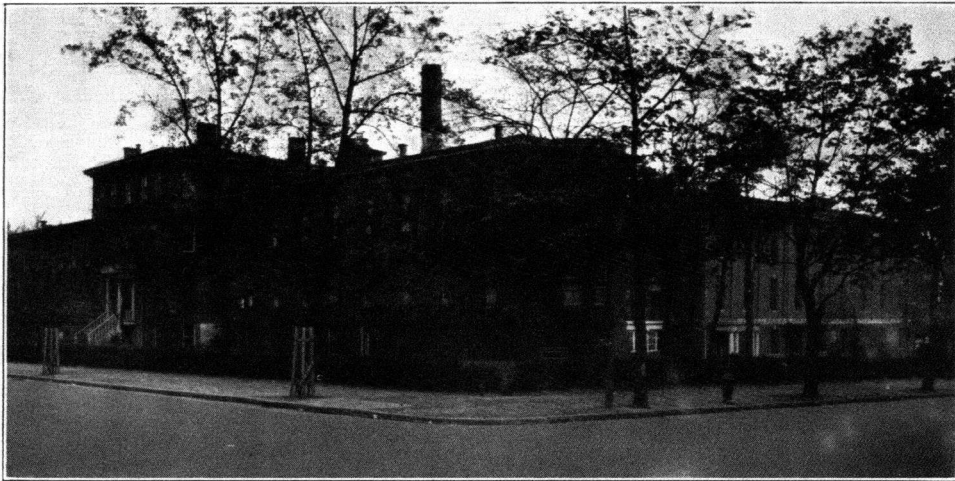
ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1933

Christine Anthony	Portsmouth, Rhode Island
Ruby Bryant	Emerton, Virginia
Margaretta Boose	Meyersdale, Pennsylvania
Sally B. Bradley	Spencer, West Virginia
Wilsie C. Canada	Pamplin, Virginia
Hazel Farrar	Washington, D. C.
Laura Goodale	Bedford, Iowa
Elizabeth Johnson	Plainfield, Wisconsin
Kate R. Jones	Glade Spring, Virginia
Kathryn Mary Larsen	Waupaca, Wisconsin
Elizabeth M. Oechsler	Dundalk, Maryland
Mary Ola	Geistown, Pennsylvania
Clementine Clark	Westfield, Pennsylvania
Helen Flynn Vaughan	Augusta, Georgia
Mary Acton White	Linden, Virginia
Mary A. Zabwick	Dover, New Hampshire



THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL





CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL STUDENTS

Nora Ahn	Honolulu, Hawaii
Sara Brown	Sandy Spring, Maryland
Ann Bledsoe	Jefferson, North Carolina
Margaret Gose	Bristol, Virginia
Geraldine Jayne	Gate City, Virginia
Mary Kelly	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Ruth Rafferty	Ohio Pyle, Pennsylvania
Ruby Winn	Orange, Virginia

NOVEMBER 15, 1929, marked one more milestone in our coming-of-age. Our first affiliating students arrived. Perhaps we could not have welcomed them so warmly if they had not appreciated all we hold dear at Walter Reed, but they have looked on our Hospital as their own in the months they spend with us, and they have been much pleasure to us. And such a cosmopolitan feeling we get to have a "foreign" cap on duty with us, on Wards and classes!



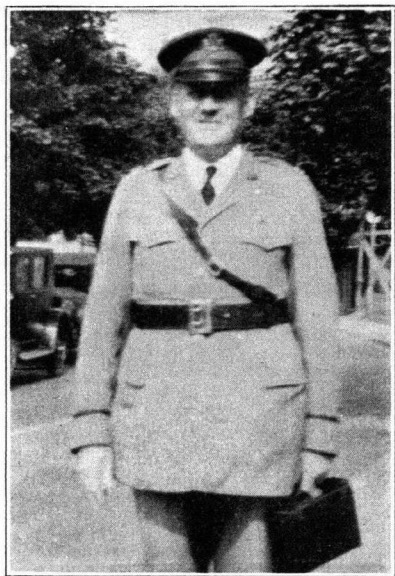


MISS THEDA E. SCHULTE

Second Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps

Supervisor of Student Quarters

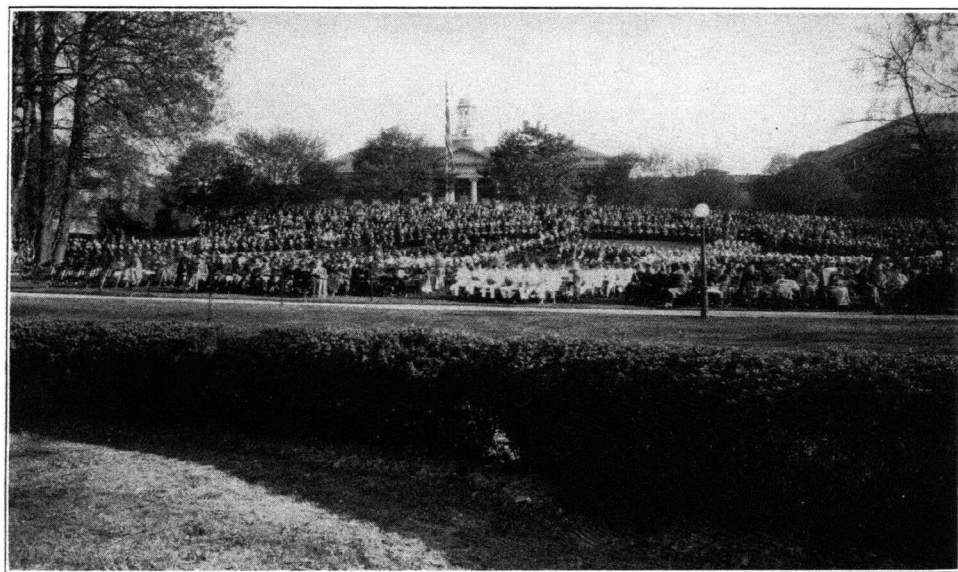
THIS is the lady who takes care of us. When one has locked one's keys inside the trunk, when one has broken or lost a key, when one needs more linen, or wants another shelf, when anything else happens, who saves the situation? Why, Miss Schulte! Through the hundreds of little troublesome details that fill her days,—duties that would drive another mad—Miss Schulte goes her calm, austere, unruffled way, not only just but kind, and always the same. For her virtues we acclaim her, but for her devoted interest in us and in our comfort, and her very real affection for our Student Body,—for these we love and honor her.



Chaplain Oliver.



Father McGeary.



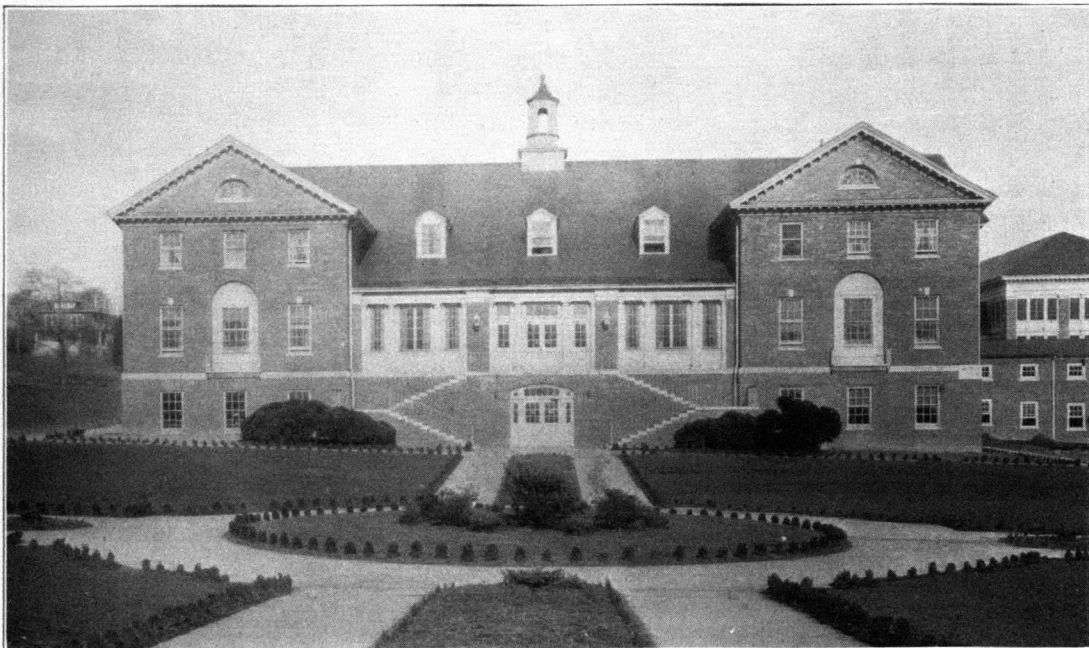
The Easter Sunrise Service, April 20, 1930



Mrs. Henry R. Rae.



MISS MARGARET LOWER, *Field Director*
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THE CHAPLAIN'S CHOIR

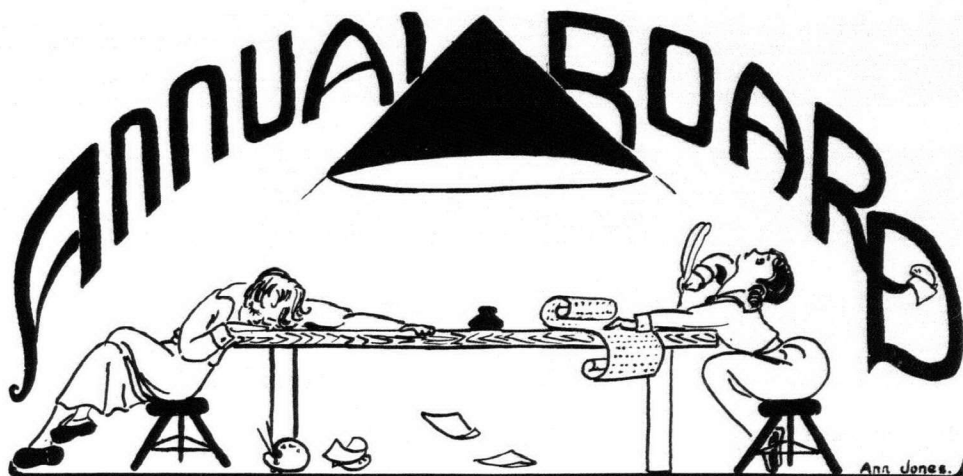
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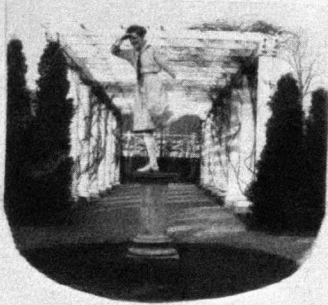
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February 2, 1928

Day after the Capping Party

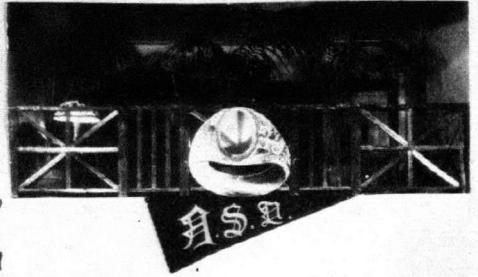


"Playing Statues in the Garden."



"The Primitive Woman."

APRIL 6, 1929



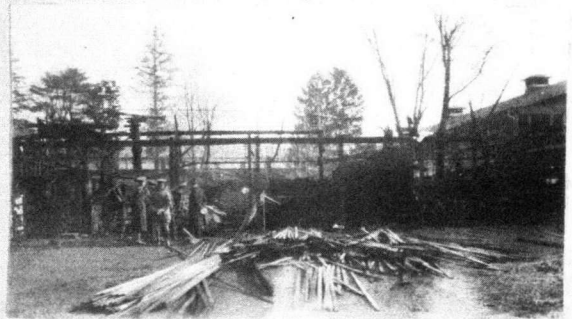
The Ring Dance.

Side Lights of History.

1930



"The Long and Short of Us."



When The Wood Shed Burned.

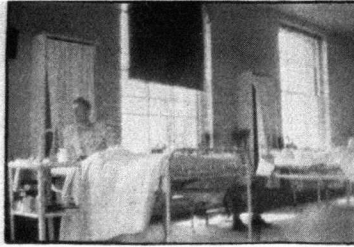
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TO WALTER REED

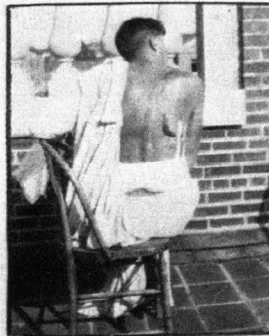
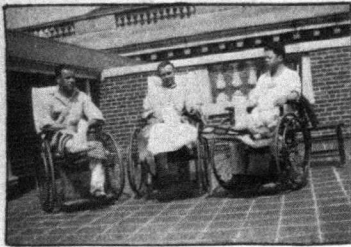
*The world moved on apace;
He lay,—a wounded boy;
Life scarce begun, yet finished.
'Twas not for him to join the passing throng,
To live, to love, and know the joy of gay, sweet song.
His day went by the window,—racked with pain.
His were the spoils of war—
The price of honor and of victory gained.*

*And then spoke God to men;
And there was born a noble thought.
A worthier deed did follow in its wake—
They took the spoils of war,—the vengeance it had wrought
And when with craft, and skill, and love, the work was done,
God had returned a birthright to a broken one.*

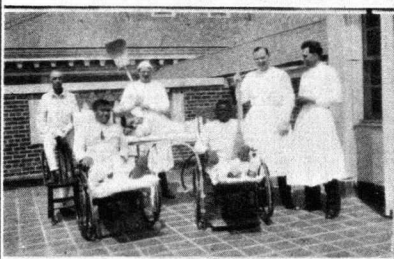
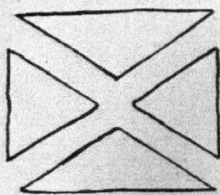
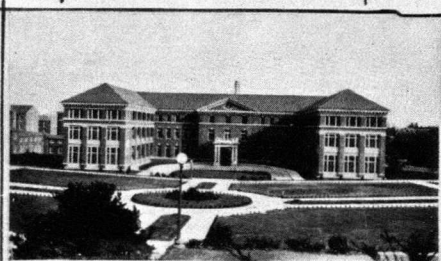
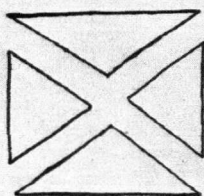
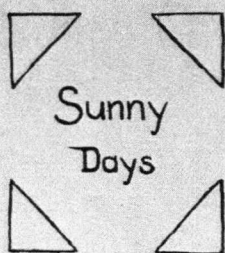
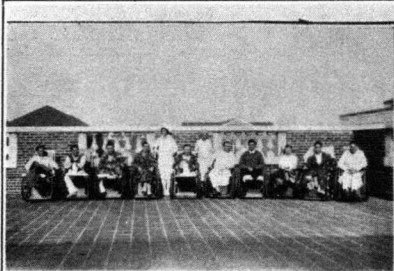
SARA GREENE SHRINER,
Class of 1932.



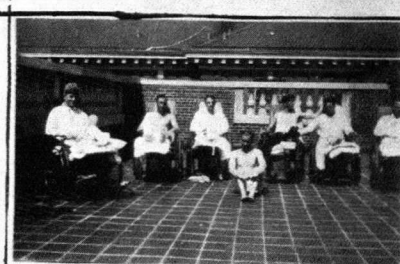
The Chaplain



"Our patients, God love 'em—



A Grey Lady.



Our patients, right or wrong!"



*"The patient is the first consideration."
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NOW I ASK YOU

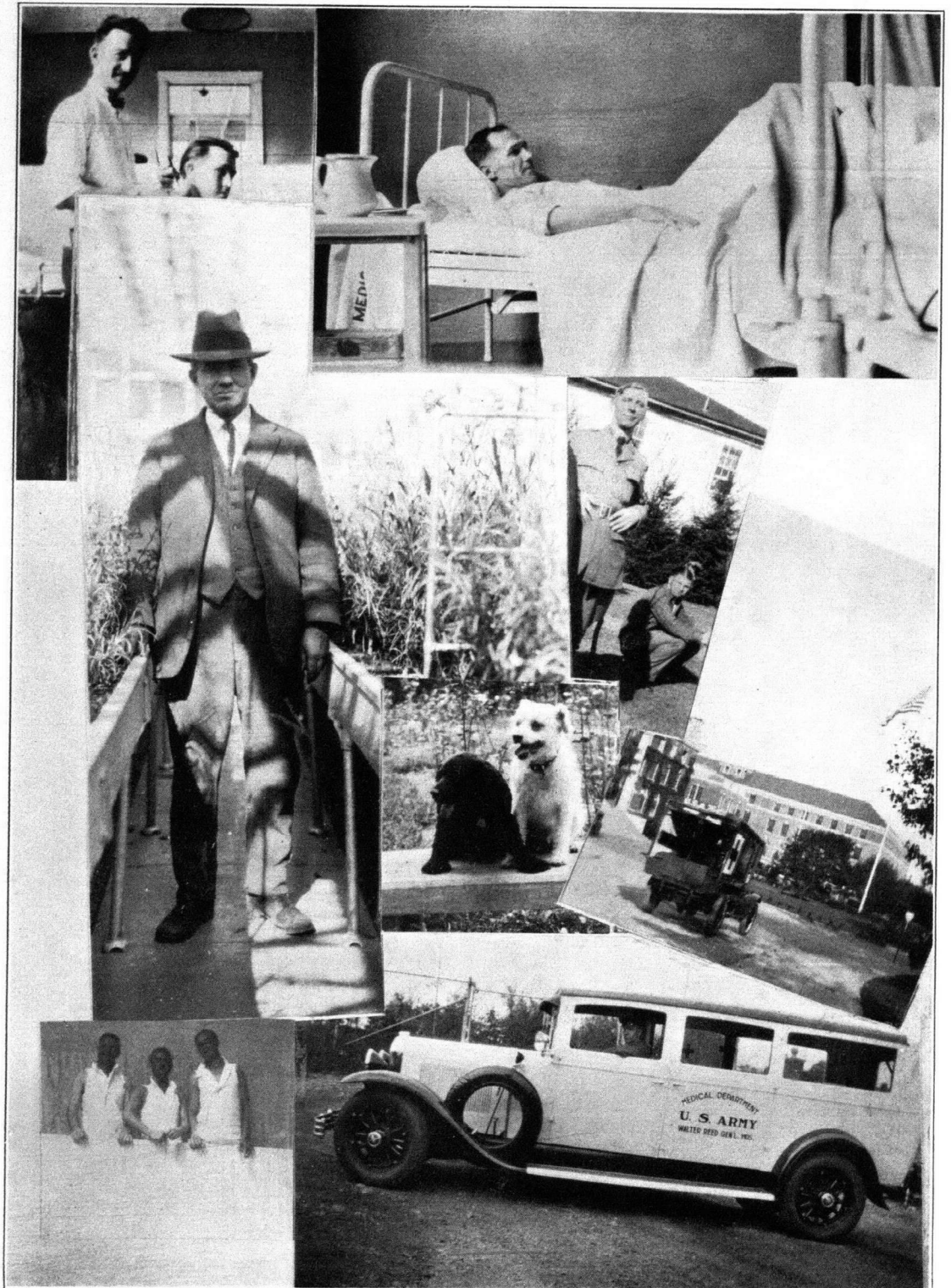
WHAT IF—

The Henna Dye Co. would go bankrupt.
We had to walk a mile for a Camel.
Miss Taylor would move to Quarters II.
There were no nite nurse.
We didn't get hash on Monday.
Ann Jones was on time, once.
There were no bed in Page's room.
The canteen sold out of hairnets.
Betty Evenson got superior for inspection.
Peg Chase forgot to buy peanuts.
No one signed the pay roll.
Falice broke her curling iron.
Every Senior handed in a case study.
The telephone went out of order.
Everyone bought white shoe polish.
Someone smashed "St. James Infirmary Blues."
Libby Baker couldn't launder caps.
No one heard from David Feldman.
Coca Cola was a dollar a bottle.
Tony Hoskins took off her red flannels before July.
Gin and Booze forgot their gum.
Stel didn't get any telephone call.
Lil Bolt hadn't gone to "Lizzies".
Rizik's decided to re-outfit the Public Health Nurses.
They bought some paring knives for the Diet Kitchen.

TAPS 1930

HITS OF 1930

"Lovable and Sweet"	"Stel" Strickler
"What is the Verdict?"	Della Austin
"Ain't Misbehavin' "	"Kay" Sagrario
"Red Hair and Freckles"	Mary Palmer
"Little Pal"	Falice Marks
"Georgia Pine"	"Betty" Evenson
"Finding the Long Way Home"	"Gin" Evenson
"Three o'Clock in the Morning"	"Booze" Cameron
"Come On Sister Make It Hot"	"Sis" Bess
"Side by Side"	Mary and "Tony"
"Gay Love"	Anita Ulke
"Navy Blues"	Mary Duff
"Love"	Eleanor Smith
"That Red-Headed Gal"	"Kay" Graham
"If I Had a Talking Picture of You"	Mary Page Wilder
"Making Whoopee"	"Tony" Hoskins
"Good-Bye Broadway, Hello Montreal"	"Ray" Abraham
"Make Believe"	Mildred Grosjean
"Tip-Toe Thru' the Tulips"	Ann Landgraff
"Will the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?"	"Libby" Baker
"Moanin' Low"	"Fax" Frazier
"My Best Girl"	Thelma Cole
"Say It With Music"	Verlie Heimsath
"Micky"	"Al" Waggoner
"Ain't She Sweet?"	"Mickey" MacLean
"What Do You Suppose?"	"Ek" Kaufman
"Sleepy Time Girl"	"Bettie" Wallace
"Turn On the Heat"	Catherine Baya
"I Can't Give You Anything But Love"	Mary Jeane Head
"Put Your Arms Where They Belong"	"Al" Claiborne
"I'm a Dreamer"	Ann Jones
"Picking Petals Off of Daisies"	Anne Savage
"Chicago"	"A. Y." Young
"Thanks For the Buggy Ride"	"Sis" Cockrell
"Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake"	Nathalie Spencer
"Sonny Boy"	Virginia Williams
"Singing In the Rain"	"Roe" Karvi
"So Long Oo Long"	"Lil" Bolt
"In An Old-Fashioned Garden"	Lucy Osgood
"Smiles"	Grace Young
"Stumbling All Around"	"Sibbie" Sibley
"Sunny Side Up"	Catherine Ullom
"Slow and Easy"	Mary Marshall
"I Wonder"	Inez Funderburg
"Horses"	Virginia Fouche
"Last Night On the Back Porch"	Ann Watson
"On With the Dance"	Lenor Parry
"There Must Be Somebody Else"	"Libby" Sites



TAPS 1930

TAPS

Farewell, Army School

*The seed thou hast sown
Shall bear thee fruit.*

*Thy service given
Shall return a thousand-fold.*

*Thy wisdom
Shall dispel ignorance.*

*Thy burning flame
Shall keep our lamps alight.*

*We salute thee.
We reverence thy name.*

Farewell.



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Virginia Fouche: "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Micky: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

Evans: "How's the riding school going, Ann?"

Ann: "Rotten, pupils falling off every day."

Visitor: "Where could I find Mrs. Dick?"

M——: "Is she a maternity case?"

Visitor: "No, she had a baby."

Della: "You weren't in class yesterday, Booze."

"Booze": "No, I slept in my room."

Miss Hardin: "Will you clean up the G. I. can, we are having inspection this week."

Roe Karvi: "Sorry, but I haven't been supervised yet."

K. P. (reading the Thanksgiving menu):
"What shall we put the demi-tasse on?"

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All Nurses Welcome

Dietitian: "Did you call the D. K.?"

Nurse: "Yes, we didn't get any salt free
baked potatoes."

Mary: "I've got to get down town the worst
way."

"Tony": "Well, WALK!"

Miss Tobin: "Miss Young, where is the lum-
bar region?"

"A. Y.": "Isn't it somewhere in the region
of the head?"

"Sis": "Libby, you need a haircut badly!"

"Libby": "No, I need a nice haircut, it was
done badly last time."

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"read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor" . . . "read-taylor"
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"Fax": "Why so stooped over, Betty, rheumatic again?"

"Betty": "Worse, been out riding in the rumble seat!"

Interne: "You look much better this morning, Jones."

Jones: "Yes, I obeyed the directions."

Interne: "What were they?"

Jones: "Keep bottle tightly corked!"

You may be as pure as Ivory Soap, but you can't float through the A. S. N.

Anxious Probie: "But, I can't find a tray, how can I give an evening toilet?"

Miss Kerwin: "Never mind the trays, the K. P.'s attend to them. Get your work done."

"Betty": "Kay is a decided red head, isn't she?"

"Gin": "Yes, she only decided last week."

"Dear Lord," prayed the Probie, "I don't ask anything for myself, just give mother a son-in-law."

"Fax" (after a fight): "Well, the only thing left to do is to divide this room, you take one side and I'll take the other."

"Ann": "Suits me, which side shall I take?"

"Fax": "The outside."

Supervisor: "Miss, have you bathed this baby?"

A. S. N.: "Yes, ma'am."

Supervisor (picking up dry washcloth): "Giving them dry washes now, eh?"

Ray: "You can't eat your cake and have 'It' too."



Garage Man, to Miriam Madden, cranking the Ford: "Say, Miss, why don't you hire a haul?"



Patient, to Dot McCarty, on Night Duty: "Miss, if it rains tonight, please wake me,— I can't sleep when it rains." And she did.



Miss Johnson, in a Quiz: "Who has done the most towards beautifying the grounds?"

Irene Evans: "Why, the prisoners, of course."



The height of optimism: Betty Hall, singing while riding for a fall.

